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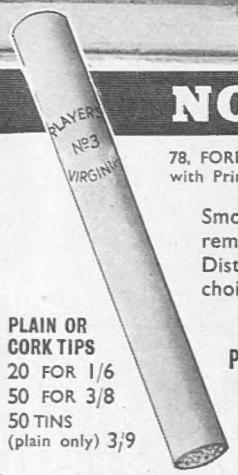

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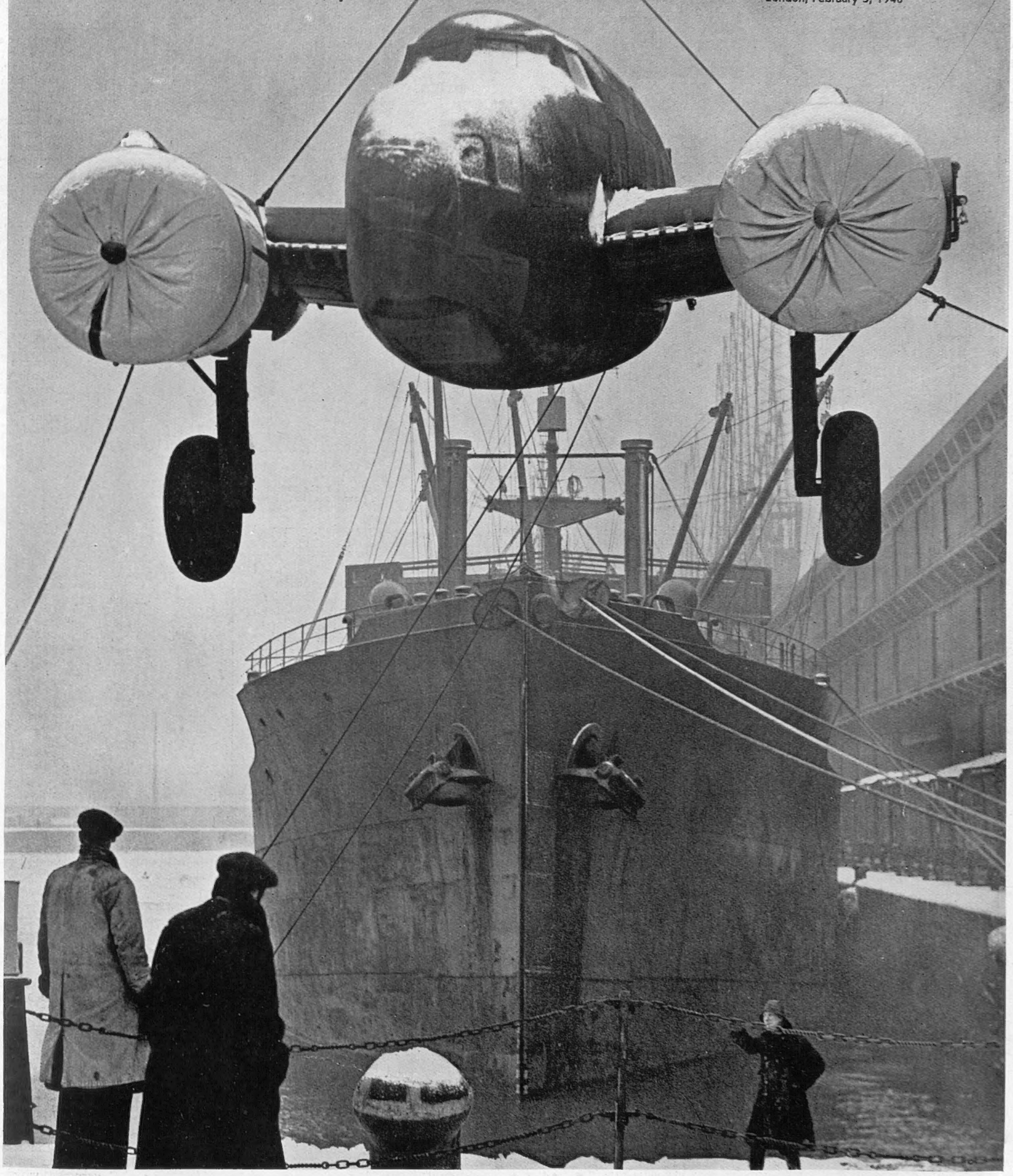
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 3, 1940



THE STREAM OF AMERICAN PLANES BEGINS TO ARRIVE AT BRITISH PORTS

For some time the newspapers have been giving particulars of the orders placed by this country with American aeroplane manufacturers. It is good to learn that these orders are now materialising. Among the latest arrivals are the American Lockheeds, one of which is here seen swaying on the crane as it is being conveyed to the quayside. Both engines were carefully shielded against winter weather in the Atlantic. The main wing spans are, of course, detached during the period of transport and added later when the whole aircraft is properly overhauled and fitted out for service

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XXII

THE KING VISITS THE CANADIAN TROOPS IN ENGLAND

When His Majesty the King visited the Canadians at a famous army barracks in England he walked down a long road which was lined by large numbers of troops, who cheered him enthusiastically, each company giving him their own special cheer

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, January 31, 1940

UPS AND DOWNS.—Last week was a bad week. In war ups and downs are to be expected and the setbacks are not likely to disturb the morale of a nation as grimly determined as ours. We lost two destroyers with grievous casualties and we had a particularly "bad Press" in a number of neutral countries. And General Hertzog made his speech, about which the less said the better. I have no doubt that all three items warmed the hearts of the Nazi propagandists. But if they felt that two of those items were proof of the efficacy of *their* propaganda, how wrong they were. The "technique" of propaganda can never do good, it may do harm. It is facts and acts, not words or lies, that count still to-day when the power of words is relied on above the power of deeds. I wish that all our Ministers subscribed to this proposition. The nation does not respond to their home propaganda, the neutrals know the truth and the rights and wrongs of the war, and it is the existence of hard facts, not the absence of persuasive words, which keep them on the fence. And the enemy can't hear us, charm we never so loudly and wisely. I meet men of every walk of life. I have never met one who approves the speeches of Ministers who boast of our achievements, or who imitate Goebbels by jeering at the enemy, or who warn us of the hell to come, or who exhort us to be brave. All say the same to me: "Let 'em get on with their jobs in silence, and with dignity, with relentless efficiency and reasonable economy. That is their best method of national propaganda. As a nation we are heartily sick of words."

THE CANADIAN MILITARY LEADER WALKS IN BATTLE DRESS WITH THE KING

Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton, head of the Canadian troops, during the first inspection of Canadian troops in this country

NO ILLUSIONS.—The Government's present preoccupation is with our tendency to complacency. But there is indeed little chance of our keeping our "illusions" about this war. There is more danger of our becoming so disillusioned that we may never again in our lifetime come to believe in any good in human nature, in any wisdom in statesmanship, in any happiness or peace for human beings. It is a "vicious spiral"—the need of continually and alternately heartening us and warning us—which the Government must watch. I personally think that silence is best, but if silence is impossible, that the warnings can be overdone and that the ration of humour and optimism might be temporarily increased without fear of "complacency." For if you look broadly at your favourite paper any day, you will find in it a very great deal too much "disillusionment" on all questions. There is a veritable orgy of Jonahism. We read of growing discontent with our Government, of the Premier's increasing difficulties, of the hell on earth which the spring is to bring to us all . . . and so on. I don't believe you can dig in for a long war with good results in efficiency if the "gipsy's warning" is to be turned on, non-stop. I don't think that humour and a measure of lightness, even a cheerful optimism, are bad bedfellows in a cold-comfort dormitory. I go here and there and I find nowhere the slightest evidence that anyone, unless it be a party politician (whom I avoid like the plague), has any need to be shaken out of illusions. All the people I meet are detesting this war, have set their teeth and are bearing it with a grin, and are perfectly alive to the prospects of grim days ahead and only thankful that another dawn brings another day of comparative immunity from hell. Most significant of all is the attitude of our troops—so different from the attitude of most of them in the late war. There is not one in a thousand "who is longing to have a smack at those Bosches." There is not one in ten thousand who looks forward to a "good war." Everywhere at home and at the front the grim and filthy business is being faced grimly and calmly as a heavy task which cannot be laid aside until it is properly done. And in my experience there is no audience in Britain that needs to gain correction from the "warnings" of junior ministers or senior ministers or other pundits self-appointed. What we want is a little light relief (if obtainable) from war shop. I should value a new series "from the Front Benches"—Mr. Chamberlain on fishing, Mr. Churchill on literature or brick-laying, and Lord Halifax on "runs with the Bramham Moor"; Mr. Nebuchadnezzar on "grasses," Lord Canute on "the tidal wave," and Bishop Jonah on "deep-sea fishing."

SCANDINAVIA AS THE KEY.—The more I read of America, the more I come to feel that she is remote in mind as in body from the hard facts of human existence to-day. The only comforting thought is that what one reads of America is not necessarily any clue to what America may do. But that "Help for Finland" business must have been a sickener for millions of Americans as for thousands of their friends and admirers overseas. Party politics are small beer to-day in Europe, and even a Presidential election in the States seems comparatively trivial to us. I think of that Statue of Liberty (of which we have heard a great deal at various times) and I wonder if some day an American child will ask what it means and will be told it is a super-human figure holding a pair of scales (from *Libra*, a balance). Democracy and freedom are on trial to-day in more ways than one. They are undergoing the ordeal of battle and the test of neutrality. If democracy wins through, it will not be to the older forms of democracy that statesmen will turn to find a pattern for the new ideal form of Government which alone can give to the nations of civilisation the chance of obtaining peace and security and developing trade and understanding. No one will say: copy the British or the French or the American models. These models themselves are in urgent need of reshaping. They are too much wrapped up in outworn forms, as they evolved from older and now antiquated systems of government. No. The type of democracy which alone will stand the strain and pass the test of the new world which must be created,

THE KING AND QUEEN DURING A BUSY WEEK INSPECTED A MOBILE TEA-CAR AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

has been for some years best seen in Sweden and in . . . . Finland! If Finland and Sweden be destroyed of the destroyer, where will men look for the models on which to rebuild the fabric of the shattered world? There in Scandinavia alone can be seen the true democracy, the true co-operative democracy or democratic co-operation which has in it the best of Socialism and the best ideals of democratic government, where the ideas of individual liberty and the obligations of all individuals to the State as citizens are nicely and exactly balanced and harmonised, wherein liberty and unselfish patriotism are properly blended and harmonised under courageous leadership. Here is the bulwark against barbarism and the dark ages which threaten us again. In the hour of the greatest danger to these bastions, it makes me tremble to think that the B.B.C. may call on us to listen to our old friend, Gram Swing, while he sets out the pieces on the board for the enthralling game of President-making. We are not in a mood for games. It is a question of weeks for Finland, the key bastion, and of months for Sweden.

A NEUTRAL TINT.—The pitifulness of the present attitude of the neutral countries to the acknowledged bullies of civilisation was put forward by Mr. Churchill (at last and speaking for himself, which I fancy he usually does). He took his simile from the school story book. The tragedy is seen closest and first in the attitude of the smallest boys. While they sit on the fence, hoping that the reign of terror may be checked by authority or their champions before their turn comes, their turns come one by one. The same end awaits the bigger boys who hesitate and watch and calculate the chances. There is no prosperity for one nation in a bankrupt or enslaved world. America's big slump proved the truth of that in microcosm. And as for men, so for nations, there is no half-way house, no temperate zone, between the poles of good and evil; nations, like men, must declare for God or the Devil; for white or black. Piebald and grey are not recognised colours and, when the fight is on, words mean nothing.

PENSIONS AND ROAD SAFETY.—It was with feelings of relief that one read of two pieces of legislation announced last week having only oblique reference to war. The reform in the Old Age Pensions scheme, while still retaining a means test, cuts out the Poor Law and institutes a new central authority which incorporates the Unemployment Assistance Board. I am bound to say that an examination of the proposal, sympathetically put forward by Sir John Simon, suggests that the leader of the Opposition and other critics were ungenerous and unconstructive in condemning it as mean and cheese-paring. The pension was never designed to be a "living wage." To add 5s. to it would cost £40,000,000 a year at once. The number of recipients who last year asked for extra assistance from the rates cost the ratepayers just over £5,000,000—no more, There is provision made for granting extra assistance per year to the extent of £8,000,000, and, of course, contribution is increased all round. That should at least cover the cases of those too proud to plead before the Poor Law authorities under the eyes of their neighbours. Ratepayers will be partially but not wholly relieved by the reform. In the present strain on our resources the reform the risk until an accident catches them. It is perfectly obvious that the police are too busy just now for a serious road campaign designed to inculcate the importance of reducing speed. Perhaps Sir John Reith's new propaganda campaign will achieve what no road-safety propaganda drive has yet achieved. But the reform was obviously necessary and is five months overdue. Imposed in October, I suppose it might have saved many hundreds of valuable lives. The Minister of Transport admitted it was an obvious thing to do. He did not add the rider. He did not explain why it wasn't done before. Human life is cheap to-day—all the world over. Old age pensions would cost more than they do but for the black-out.

SALVAGE OF WASTE.—Or, if you prefer, waste of salvage. The Ministry of Supply has indeed gone so far as to address a circular to local authorities which indicates that the importation of raw materials is very necessary and that the salvage of waste is therefore important. That is as far as our democracy dare go. The rest is left to amateur goodwill. Some localities act, some don't. Is it not strange that with all these new officials and new posts and departments, no stronger effort is made to organise salvage nationally? Apparently everything is vital salvage except razor blades, electric bulbs and greasy paper. Any system organised in a group of villages can earn £3 a ton for collected newspapers. A group of forty parishes can earn as much as £750 a year by merely collecting newspapers and could double it by adding magazines and tins. And how many are doing it? There is an organisation at Winchester. Here, nearby, there is nothing worth the name. We still have to burn our paper and litter our lanes with tins and cartons. One of the tragedies of our democracy is this enormous responsibility which rests on local authorities which are good and bad and indifferent (and mostly indifferent). Now it seems the Government is becoming alive to the importance of salvage and is to play its trump card—a propaganda campaign to persuade us to organise ourselves to save waste products.

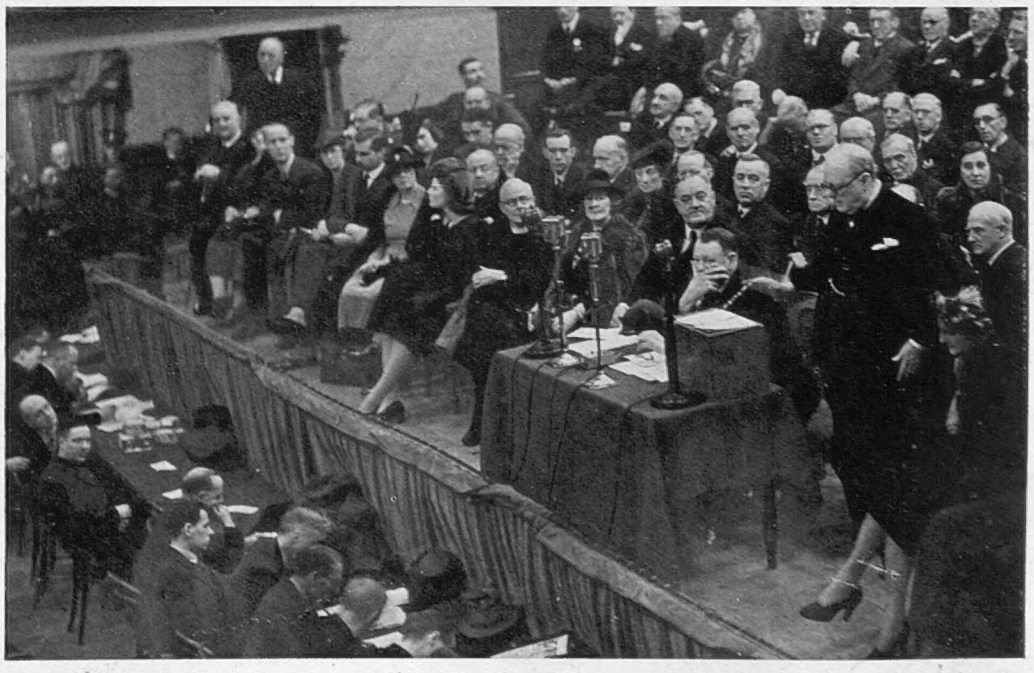
FELIX HALL AND CREEVEY.—Felix Hall, Kelvedon, which was burnt to a shell the other day, was more than 300 years old and was in 1800 in the occupation of Charles Western, M.P. for Maldon, a Whig stalwart who knew a lot about agriculture, was known as "stiff-rump" and died Lord Western of Rivenhall in 1844. He was educated with Thomas Creevey at Newcome's School, Hackney, and became a firm friend and patron of the struggling and ambitious young barrister. It was from Felix Hall that Creevey dates many of his earliest known letters—those to Dr. Currie of Liverpool, and it was here, I think, that he first met Mrs. Ord, the wealthy widow and cousin of Lord Grey, who married him and set him on his road to such political successes as the long eclipse of the Whigs between 1807 and 1830 made possible.

BOAT RACE.—I am glad there is to be an *ersatz* boat race. It is right to keep such fixtures going, for that keeps us sane. We need all the lighter distraction we can get when life is as grim and earnest as it is. It will be rowed at Henley on March 2 over a course of 1½ miles, the longest available, used in 1908 in the Olympic regatta. Thus, the race for the "Blue" ribbon comes full circle, for the first race of the series was rowed at Henley in 1829 and ended at Henley Bridge. The coaches will, of course, follow a different principle in training, since the course will be less than half the length of the Putney–Mortlake course. It will no doubt be on Henley lines which implies totally different rules of theory, practice, and indeed of diet.

THE OLD STAGER

The King and Queen inspected a Y.M.C.A. mobile tea-car unit for the troops, in the grounds of their London home before its departure for France. Her Majesty was shown the equipment by Lady Blane (in Y.M.C.A. uniform), while the King (on left) chatted with Major-General Sir John Brown

I cannot blame Mr. Churchill if he feels that way; I do so myself; but whereas he annoys neutrals by saying so, I can escape unsnubbed. Finland's stand has shown what might have been if even a vestige of the ideals and sound sense of the League had survived its courageous establishment. A Scandinavian League, a Balkan League, a League of English-speaking peoples; any one of these could have averted one or more of the component tragedies in the supreme tragedy, and even one brave decision in any one field of war possibilities now boldly declared must shorten the nightmare of civilisation, if not avert a part of the tragedy that lies ahead. While none can fail to sympathise in the hesitancy of the small fry, none can fail to see the monstrous shortsightedness of the policy of waiting and hoping. And deserves a welcome from all quarters as the best that can be hoped for until better times come. The speed limit has been reduced to 20 m.p.h. in built-up areas. Careful drivers have never exceeded it since the black-out. They know too well that to do so is blind recklessness. Reckless drivers will continue to drive faster. A few will be caught and punished; the majority will take



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL DELIVERED A STIRRING ADDRESS IN THE FAMOUS FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER

Above—Mr. Churchill with his wife and daughter at the hall. The First Lord told of the progress of the war in his effortless sentences. His peroration ran: "Come then, let us to the task, to the battle and the toil, each to our parts, each to our stations. Fill the armies, rule the air, pour out the munitions, strangle the U-boats, sweep the mines, plough the land, build the ships, guard the streets, succour the wounded, uplift the downcast and honour the brave"

THE UNPRECEDENTED WEATHER CONDITIONS OF

LIKE A VISION OF GREENLAND'S ICY SHORES—ICE FLOES ALONG THE EAST COAST DURING MID-JANUARY

The astonishing grip of the weather upon the sea during the period when this picture was taken was nowhere more striking than along the east coast. Here the scene was quite Arctic in character

FUN ON THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED SLIDE—A MOVEMENT WHICH STILL HAS ITS DANGERS

Will the maiden collide with the army mix-up in the foreground? This was a question which arose on the Serpentine during the cold snap which rivalled 1894 in intensity

THE AWKWARDNESS OF TOO MUCH FROST WHEN ONE HAS TO WATCH THE WATER SUPPLIES FOR THE FIRE BRIGADE

A scene in London durin the recent cold spell. Th auxiliary firemen had to us their picks to break the ic

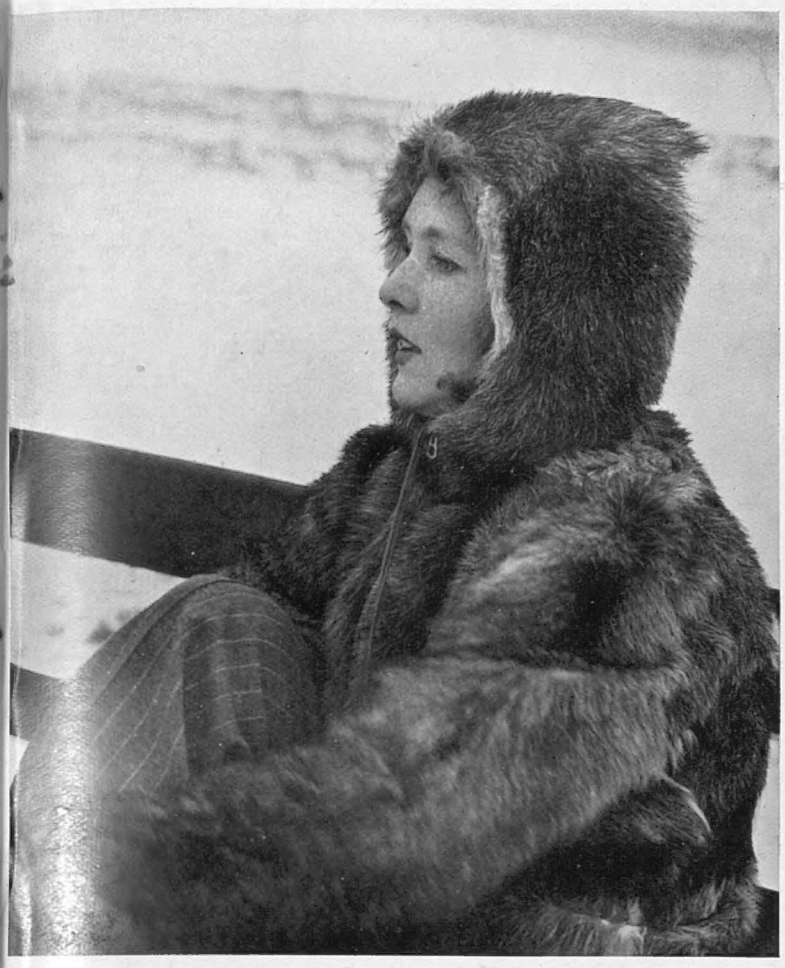
A SNOWBALL BATTLE ON THE BARRACK FRONT—A MERRY CONTEST THROUGH THE RAILINGS

An amusing sight during the recent cold snap was witnessed when Tommy Atkins was pelted by energetic lassies from the safety of the path outside

SOME OF THOSE WHO WAITED DURING THE RECENT COLD SPELL FOR TRAINS WHICH CAME ONLY WHEN THEY COULD

This crowd at Waterloo was typic of many such during the recent ic temperature plunge. The snow d located many main and suburban lin

MID-JANUARY: Icy Scenes by Land and Sea



FUR IS THE WEAR WHEN THE WIND NIPS THE EARS

A pretty scene on Wimbledon Park lake when skaters took advantage of the icy spell

POLISH AIRMEN WERE INSPECTED BY SIR KINGSLEY WOOD AT THEIR ENGLISH STATION LAST WEEK

Quite a number of Polish airmen managed to escape the clutches of the Russo-German pincers. They are now here and are forming a part of the R.A.F.

LEFT BEHIND BY THE FORGETFUL

A strange scene in the Lost Property Office of the London Transport Board. Two hundred gas-masks a day have been left in public vehicles

THIS OVERFLOW WAS JOLLY FOR PASSERS-BY, BUT NOT SO FULL OF FUN FOR THE TENANT

Frozen cascades of this description were to be seen in the London suburbs when the icy spell descended on us

STILL MORE ASTONISHING IS THE NUMBER OF TORCHES WHICH HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN

Considering the difficulties in obtaining torch refills, the lack of care on the part of travellers is astonishing. Here are just a few large-sized torches recently collected

The Western Front Weather Switches

OVER THE CRUNCHING SNOW

A platoon of the Warwickshire Regiment arriving at a blockhouse in France. The weather has seen switches from frost to thaw in violent fashion

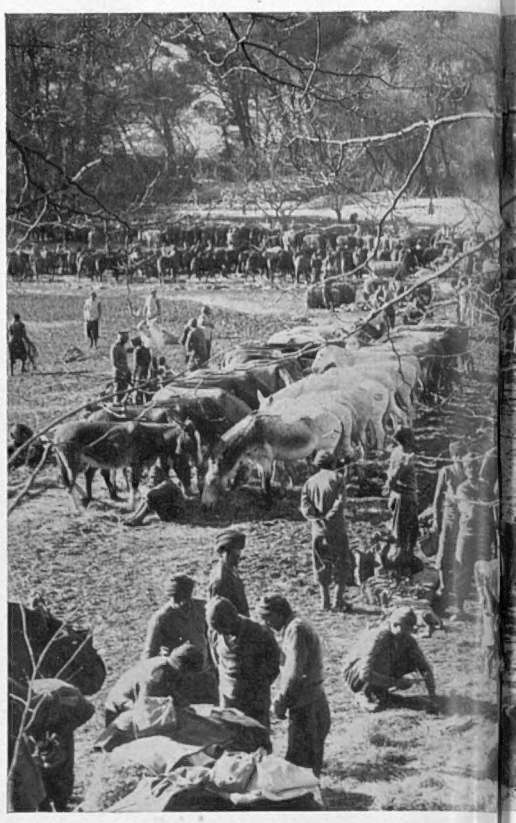
A LINE OF CHEERFUL CRUSADERS OUT IN FRANCE

Clots of snow lie on camouflage roofs, but what of that, if the inner man is well fed, and the mind is cheery?

THE EMPIRE PRESS VISITS THE LINES OF THE B.E.F. IN FRANCE UNDER THE WHITE PHASE OF THE WEATHER

The Hon. J. J. Astor and eight Empire press correspondents have been facing the joys of this present winter on the Western Front

INDIAN TROOPS H



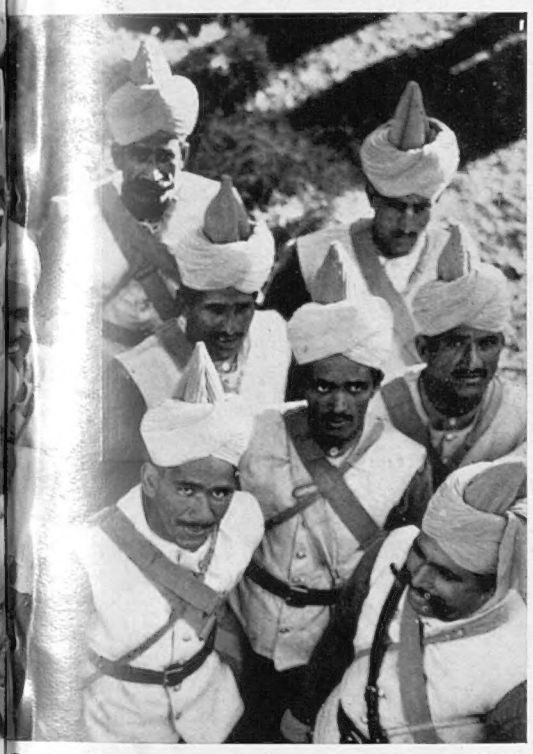
IN THE MULE LINES OF THE ROYAL INDIAN ARMY SERVICE CORPS

SOME STRIKING-LOOKING TYPES CAN BE SEEN IN THIS GROUP PICTURE FROM THE WESTERN FRONT

The Royal Indian Arm
uniform is very dist
The first company
formed in London
of caste, colour,
Indians—among the

RE AND IN FRANCE

The detachments from India recently arrived in France and are settling down in comfortable style. The scene transports one back to far-off India



Service Corps is a fine-looking body of men. Their ...tive both as regards headdress and tunic. *Below*—the Indian Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps has been ...Indians resident in this country. There is no restriction ...creed, and the corps includes a few educated young ...being a D.Sc., and men who served in the last war

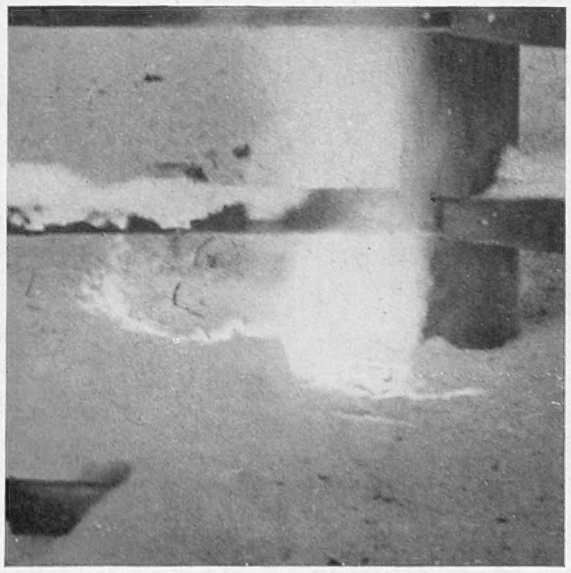
Russian Planes Spread Fire in Finland

BUILDING SET ON FIRE IN VAASA IN WESTERN FINLAND

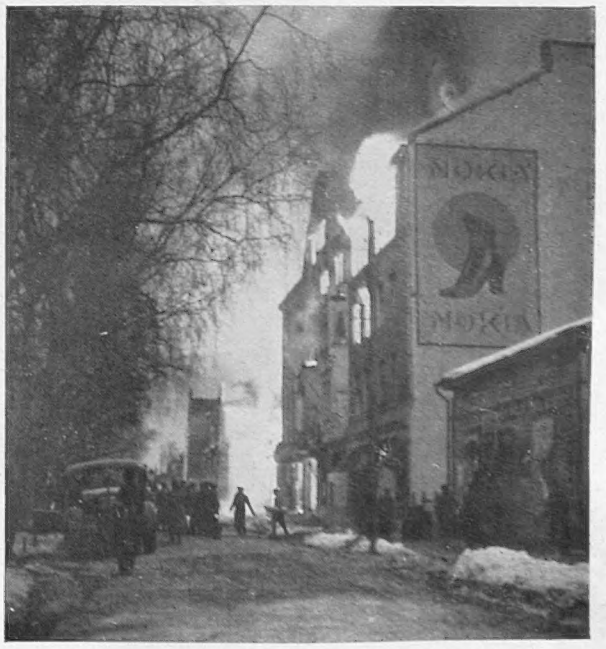
The Finnish citizens have to endure the stress of a particularly hard winter and the agony of seeing their property going up in flames

OUT ON THE SNOWY STREET FROM A BOMBED HOUSE IN HELSINKI

The plight of the Finnish citizens is excessively hard when bombs drive them into the street. Here is a group of unlucky citizens piling a few rescued pieces of furniture at the side of the road



An incendiary bomb is seen *above* burning itself out in the snow, having missed a building. *On the right* is a burning building set alight by an incendiary bomb



THE LIFE OF THOMAS ATKINS TO-DAY

Compared with the Comfortless Existence of His Predecessor Under Wellington and Lord Roberts. (The Strategy of the War—XIX)

General Sir Charles Harington, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L., is Enabled, as an Old Soldier, to Review the Marked Changes which Have Taken Place; with Other Comments on the War Situation During the Past Week

LAST week I tried to emphasise the value of the team-work of the Allies as probably the greatest winning factor of this war, and I stick firmly to that opinion. There are four very big factors which comprise this team: sea, land, air, and economic. Mr. Ronald Cross last week gave us a very helpful picture of the latter. He made quite clear the serious problem which we are up against in the economic struggle, but he left us with the feeling of solid work and hopefulness.

As I write, the Finns are still putting up their gallant resistance. The Russians have apparently brought up more super-troops but, so far, have met with no success. Help of various kinds is daily reaching the Finns, and we have news of the arrival of 2,000 Estonians. It is pretty clear that the Russians are making a determined effort north of Lake Ladoga to turn the Mannerheim Line. If the Finns can stop this, it should give some respite for more help to arrive. One only hopes that it will be sufficient and in time to cry a real "Halt" to the Soviet troops. It is, in my opinion, that real "Halt" which might change the whole character of this war. It is quite evident that this friendly golf match between Hitler and Stalin is not going too well. Stalin has laid far too many stymies for Hitler, and tempers are rising. Hitler must feel that he has got to do something soon. We are now into February. Will he risk definite action whilst his pal is held up in Finland? I think it would be a matter of intense relief to this country if he did, as we should then know exactly where we stand.

It may be heresy to say so but I personally fail to understand all that has happened since the start of the war. I spent nearly four years in the Ypres salient trying to make plans to kill Germans. I had no other idea. As far as I knew I thought that was my job and what I was paid to do. To-day it all seems different. Each side seems to fly over the other's country to show that it is able to do so. I grant that the obtaining of valuable photographs is all important, but the fact of flying over enemy country without inflicting damage defeats me.

I admit that present-day strategy has been changed by the presence of fear of attack from the air. I also agree that those in charge of the Allied strategy are fully competent, and know full well what they are doing. I have every faith in them. It may quite well be that the fact of the Germans dropping a few bombs on the Shetlands or on lightships and fishermen is a decoy to exasperate the Allies in order to get them to start the bombing and so give Hitler the chance of charging us with inhumanity.

It is possible that the attitude of the neutrals is the most important factor at the moment. Many of them resented Mr. Winston Churchill's remarks. To some of them, perhaps, it brought the war too close, closer than they liked to think about. There is no doubt that they are thinking hard, but they, rather naturally, do not like being told to think aloud. The appeal of the Finnish Minister for help was indeed pathetic. Unless forthcoming "we are doomed."

It will be forthcoming, but can it arrive in time to save those gallant people? It is tragic to think that this state of affairs has all been brought about by the greed and lust for power of one man, and a man who in his search of evil in overthrowing helpless Poland had to call in a brother burglar to help him with the "swag." Truly a "burglars' agreement," but how long will it last, for there can be no solid friendship behind it.

It is such a lop-sided war. We read that the Germans are allowing war equipment for Finland to pass through Germany, for use against the Russians. Here we and our Allies are engaged in a life struggle against Germany, and at the same time all attention is fixed at the moment on the action of the Russians against the Finns. Neither of these nations are in "our war," yet their action affects our war at every turn.

Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton warned us last Thursday of the danger of men landing by parachute, with a view to sabotage by the use of high explosives. I confess that this idea does not keep me awake at night. I think the job is much more likely to be done by agents already in this country. The odds against the German landing quietly and unobserved in this country, complete with high explosives and close to the works or railway bridge he was destined to destroy are, in my opinion, too great. It is only too easy to tell Germany by wireless that their enterprising parachutist had landed and met the fate he deserved, to deter other volunteers. I am not alarmed by that form of attack.

What interests me most at the moment is the situation in south-east Europe, and it may be that this interests Hitler and Stalin far more than the situation on the Western Front. There are all sorts of possibilities. There are many signs of the smaller States saying "Let's join the team down here. As part of a team we stand a much better chance than we do on our own." That is solid truth. Let these smaller States get together, and their united strength and determination will become a very formidable obstacle to these very wild men.

We hear that the relations between Turkey and Bulgaria are better than normal. The State singled out for the biggest share of abuse from Hitler at the moment is Rumania, presumably because she does not turn out and transport oil quick enough for Germany's needs. Perhaps she is not sure enough of getting paid, and from what one reads Hitler is suffering and will continue to suffer from having let his railways and rolling stock deteriorate to a great extent. It looks as if attempts are being started to frighten Rumania with reports of vast concentrations of German troops on her frontier—the same sort of threats as used so often against Holland and Belgium. According to the latest reports the numbers looking towards Rumania are much exaggerated.

In my opinion, the smaller states in south-east Europe are fully alive to the dangers of the situation, and will be guided by the good advice of Italy and Turkey, and would rather have that friendly advice than be told by the Allies what they should or should not do. Similarly, I think that Holland, Belgium, Norway and Sweden all have their own plans for whatever may happen.

As an old soldier it is interesting to picture what is being done for the soldier at war to-day. I often wonder what our ancestors would think of it all. I have just been made president of an organisation for collecting musical instruments for the troops. When one thinks of what Wellington's soldiers endured in the Peninsula War in 1812, or of what our soldiers endured in the Crimea in 1857, or in the Afghan War in 1878, in Lord Roberts' march to Kandahar when only the fittest survived, one wonders. There were not many comforts for those poor fellows, but they won through. The South African War was the first in which a start was made to improve conditions for the soldier. A little was done in the formation of canteens and extra stores, but it was not till the Great War that any great advance was made.

The N.A.C.B. (Navy and Army Canteen Board) and later the N.A.F.I. (now N.A.A.F.I. to include the Air Force) came upon the scene, and have done yeoman service ever since, and the troops owe much to them both for what they supply and for the fact that the soldiers' grounds and recreation are helped from their profits. In the last war we were proud to think that our Army was the best fed and best cared for. Other organisations such as the Y.M.C.A., Toc H, Salvation Army, Sandes Homes, etc., all did and are doing again great and noble work to cheer the lives of our soldiers, sailors, and airmen, and it is in a great measure due to their work that the war has opened up a new line of usefulness. Wireless and concert parties are the two new main factors for bringing good cheer to the service man. It is incredible to hear, as I did a few days ago, an observer in Finland say that he was now leaving the Finns, in a temperature some 50 to 70 degrees below zero, to enjoy their wireless.

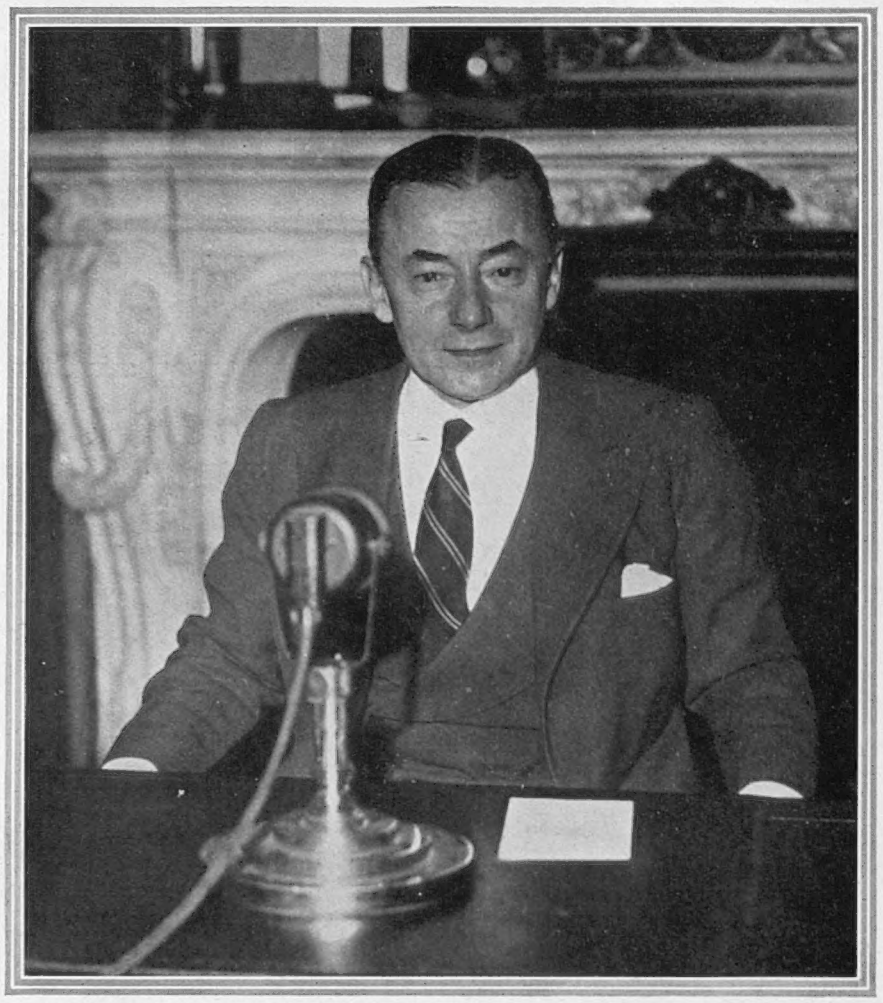
The same with our troops on the Western Front. Thanks to the generosity of Lord Nuffield and others, the troops have their wireless sets, and thanks to the organisation of the E.N.S.A. troops now have their concert parties. The glorious voice of Miss Gracie Fields and others, are giving the troops the best that can be given. All this is good, but what a change from what their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers got in the wars in which they fought. Anyhow, with all these present-day amenities, the lads of to-day will put up the same grand fight as those before them.

To my mind the lads having the worst and most lonely time to-day are the little batches of ten men scattered in fields all over the country engaged in anti-aircraft defence. They have to be always on the alert day and night. They may have a wireless but they have no concert parties or cinemas. A kind word and a bath is a godsend to them. I have written on this before as I have been a firm friend of the British soldier for so many years. During those years I have worked and played with him in many parts of the world, and I have the most intense affection and admiration for him.

I am sure that all those who heard it were much impressed by Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Manchester last Saturday. In his unrivalled language, it struck right home. He made us proud of the gallant work that has been done and is being done by the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine, aided by the R.A.F., and he left us with the real assurance that the Royal Navy and all those who live at sea have never failed us and never will, and we know that right well.

He dealt so ably with those two burning questions, why has Hitler not attacked us and why have we not dropped bombs instead of leaflets? He gave possible reasons for the former, but only history will tell us the real answer. The answer to the second one is easy. It is time. We wanted time and we have got it. I am sure that our policy has been dead right. It has no doubt been galling and more so to the pilots who have had these ships and docks beneath them, but it has given us the time we wanted to prepare a much bigger surprise for Hitler in the future than ever he bargained for.

Mr. Churchill's comparison of the strength of Germany under the Kaiser and the Germany of to-day under Hitler was particularly interesting, and also comforting. He left us under no delusion that we are up against a big struggle, and that all is going well, but that we have a long way to go, and that our task demands the very best out of each one of us.



THE FINANCIAL WIZARD OF FRANCE

M. Paul Reynaud, who, since he took office as French Finance Minister, has been responsible for the re-entry into France of capital to the value of over 60 milliards of francs. The sudden and dramatic character of this financial renaissance has earned M. Reynaud the title of "The Magician of French Finance." Since the beginning of the war his financial policy has been even more rapid and effective. Born in the Alpine village of Barcelonette, on the borders of Provence, M. Reynaud studied at the Lycée Louis le Grand in Paris, afterwards going on an educational tour round the world. After studying law he was called to the Bar and continued in his profession until he took his seat in the Government. As Colonial Minister he organised, with Marshal Lyautey, the Colonial Exhibition which was such a tremendous success in 1931. Now that political conditions have changed, M. Paul Reynaud has applied his genius to these changes and has achieved the same sparkling results, as did his policy of confidence during peace-time. He is unswerving in his support of a regime based on sacrifice and of efforts to gain a lasting peace and to reconstruct a Europe in which France will not be compelled to fight a defensive war with each generation. The principal step towards this aim has been the Franco-British financial agreement negotiated by M. Reynaud and Sir John Simon

ON THE EDGE of the STORM

Rumania's Delicate Position

A RUSSIAN OF THE OLD TYPE LIVING IN BESSARABIA

The Russians of the Bessarabian province of Rumania are easily distinguished by their long white beards and other characteristics so well described by Tolstoy: the women have prominent cheek bones, and the coachmen drive troikas drawn by three horses abreast

THE OLD RUSSIAN DOMED CHURCHES ARE TO BE SEEN IN BESSARABIA

OLD RUSSIA IN BESSARABIA

The people live steeped in the customs of their ancestors. The mothers still rock their children to sleep in big straw-woven cradles. The people are employed in agriculture, fishing and a little industry. The small Russian horses clatter over the cobbled roads of the towns, and the white-walled Russian churches are scattered throughout the land

WEARING THE TYPICAL OLD-RUSSIAN BLOUSE

Tea is still the customary drink of the Old Russians in Bessarabia

In the Rumanian province of Bessarabia there is a large settlement of Russians of the old order. On the fertile Bessarabian plain about 200,000 of them are living in the primitive fashion they inherited from the Russia of the Czars. Asked whether they would prefer to live under Russian rule, the answer is for the most part "We would like to be with Russia, but Russia does not know God." Rumania, they know, gives them freedom

THE RITES OF THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH ARE OBSERVED IN BESSARABIA

These simple people live on in the faith that the God they worship will once again be welcomed in their homeland over the border so that they may be once more embraced in the mighty arms of Holy Mother Russia, but at the present time the U.S.S.R. is neither holy nor Russian

b

ON THE EDGE OF THE

WOODEN OIL DERRICKS IN THE RUMANIAN OILFIELDS

A cluster of derricks on the foothills of the Transylvanian Alps, north of Bucharest

LONG ROWS OF SPECIAL OIL-CONTAINING CARS AT CAMPINA IN THE RUMANIAN OIL DISTRICT

A typical picture of an oil transport station in Rumania. The cars are specially built for oil transport. See diagram on following page

WHERE THE RUMANIAN FRONTIER TOUCHES SOUTHERN RUSSIA

A Rumanian frontier guard is standing within the old fortress of Hotin in Bessarabia, one of Rumania's danger spots

LOOKING FROM RUMANIA ACROSS THE DNIESTER TO SOUTHERN RUSSIA

RUMANIA has never disguised her sympathies with the Allies and their cause, but her geographical position has enforced neutrality. She is largely dependent upon her trade with Germany, and trade with the Reich means also political pressure. Ever since the German invasion of Poland there has been a never ceasing sense of tension in Rumania—dread of what Germany may do next. But Germany is not the only danger which besets Rumania, who has difficulties on all sides.

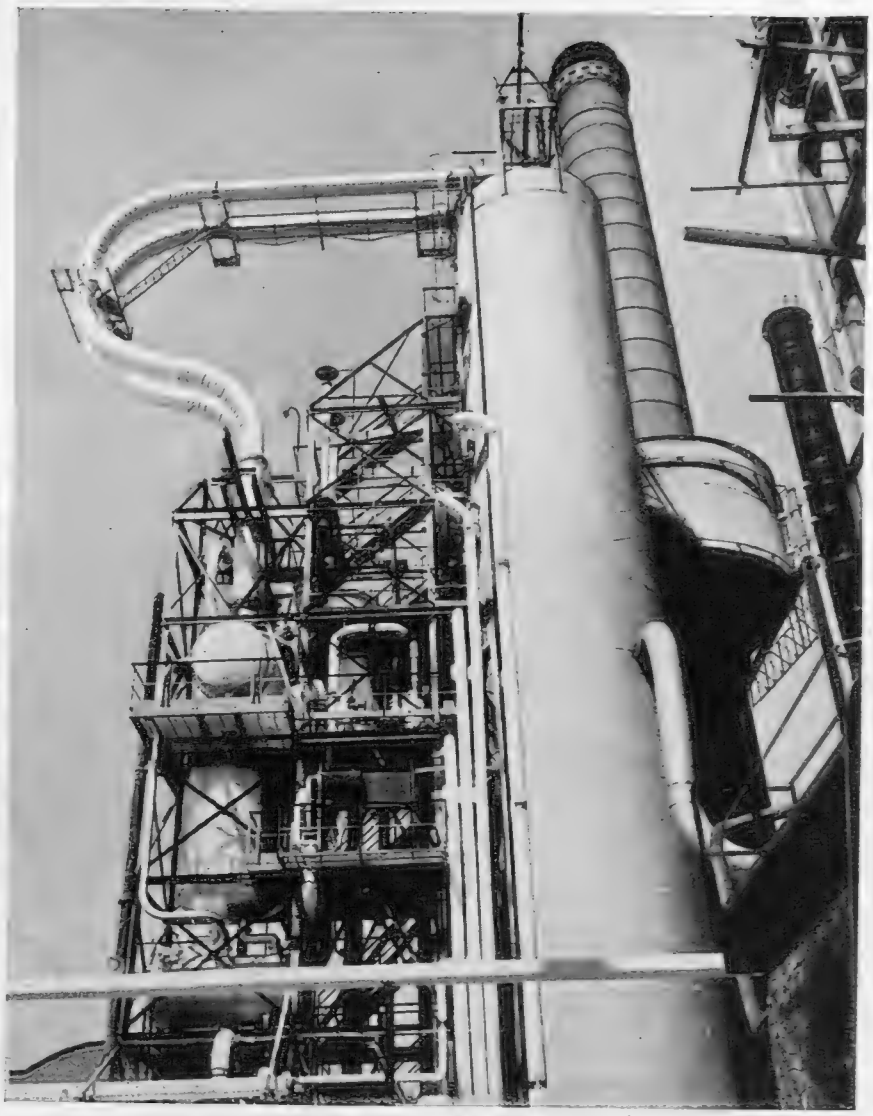
Russia, on the north-east, across the Dniester, threatens to retake Bessarabia, the province regained by Rumania at the Treaty of Trianon. Bulgaria, on the south, is aggrieved at the loss of the Dobrudja, at the mouth of the Danube, and Hungary never ceases to repine at the cutting off from her territory of the beautiful province of Transylvania. The Great War of 1914–18, in which Rumania suffered severely, brought her, at its victorious end, great additions of territory, but it also brought many serious problems, which are causing anxiety to-day.

The darkest cloud that looms over Rumania is that of Germany. From the very outset of war the latter has bludgeoned Rumania with all the means in her power. The rich oil products of Rumania are essential to the Reich, and she was a large purchaser in peace, but war has necessitated far greater

STORM: RUMANIA Faced With the Problem of Its Oil and Its Minorities

AN OIL DERRICK ACROSS THE FRONTIER IN GALICIA

This derrick is at Boryslav on the northern foothills of the Carpathians. It is from this district that so many accounts of German penetration have come



A MODERN OIL DISTILLERY IN THE RUMANIAN OIL-BEARING COUNTRY

This is part of an up-to-date distillery plant at Campina in Rumania's oil district. See bird's-eye view on following page

Over this river one looks out on to the still, silent fields of the Ukraine. The Dniester forms the frontier. In the foreground to the left are the remains of the fifteenth-century Castle of Hotin, one of the many fortifications which guarded the river in former times. There is no traffic over this border. These are two worlds which are adjacent but completely isolated from each other and on both sides of the river there are strongly fortified zones

quantities. She would like to take the entire production but Rumania does not wish to be entirely dependent upon Germany, and a fixed quota was arranged. This quota has been the crux of the discussions of the trade mission which was held at Bucharest, lasting from September till an agreement was finally reached on December 18.

The Nazi Government eventually bore down Rumanian objections and obtained a large proportion of its demands, by which huge quantities of Rumanian goods are to be purchased in a steady flow—wheat, cattle, pigs, butter, soya beans, maize, and, above all, oil—in return for German goods, on a long credit basis. It all looked well for Germany, but the transport difficulties are tremendous.

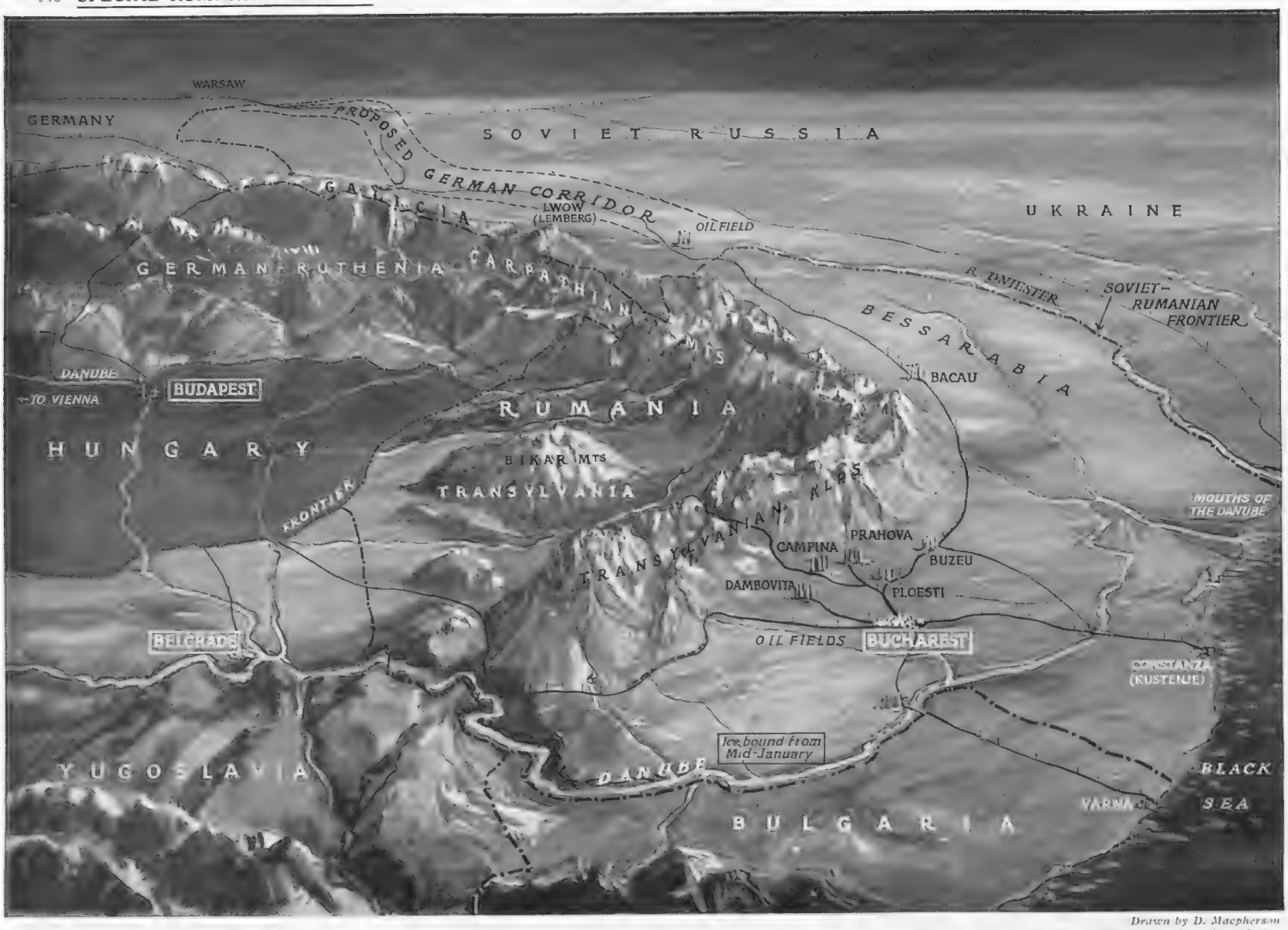
The Danube is now so frozen that it has been closed for navigation; Germany is short of lorries, and Rumania will not permit her own lorries to leave the country. This is probably one of the reasons which has pushed the Reich into an arrangement with the U.S.S.R. to occupy the Rumanian frontier of the newly-acquired Soviet portion of Poland.

Some bargain seems to have been arranged for the Germans to control the Galician oilfields there, for German experts are busy getting everything in order, though they are said to be only "lent" to Russia. German troops, however,

(Continued on following page)

A PRIEST STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO A CHURCH IN BUKOVINA, A WEALTHY PROVINCE OF GREATER RUMANIA

This picturesque church with its painted exterior is typical of many in this wooded and richly diverse district



Drawn by D. Macpherson

RUMANIA'S PROBLEMS SET OUT IN GEOGRAPHICAL FORM

The view is taken from the south with the Danube running out to the Black Sea. The freezing of the great river highway and the cessation of transport to central and western Europe is a vital source of trouble. Bessarabia to the north-east and Transylvania to the north-west are pressing territorial problems and farther away to the north-west is the threat of the growing proximity of Germany, creeping closer and closer along the Galician border. The great fortification ditch, now known as Carol's Dyke, extends along the northern frontiers, broken by the mass of the Carpathians

A ROADSIDE SHRINE OF EASTERN FORM IN NORTHERN RUMANIA

(Continued from previous page)

have been massing there for the last two or three weeks, and the Russian troops are leaving, a condition of affairs which would make for an easy entry into Rumania should she prove at all recalcitrant. If the production of goods is not as rapid and steady as Germany demands, Rumania may be confronted with an invasion or a threat to her trade.

Soviet Russia had been an almost equal threat till the heroic defence of the Finns had proved that the U.S.S.R. had feet of clay. Twenty divisions of Russian troops were said to be ready to invade Bessarabia where Soviet propaganda had been proclaiming that the Russians were coming to free their brothers.

There is no justification for the phrase, the "seizing" of Bessarabia, by the Rumanians in 1918. It had always been inhabited by Rumanians when under the suzerainty of Turkey, who afterwards handed it over to Russia early in the nineteenth century. When the Russian Revolution took place Bessarabia declared her independence and in 1918 decided to attach herself to Rumania of her own free will.

King Carol has been assured by the leaders of the minorities there that they are ready to give their lives in defence of the country, a statement which prompted the King, on his recent visit to Bessarabia, to assert "No enemy will be able to set foot on Rumanian soil so long as Rumania displays her existing spirit of unity."

Turkey is trying to bring about good will among the Balkan countries, particularly with Bulgaria, who has been outside the Balkan Entente. Fighting on the wrong side in the Great War, Bulgaria has been rather cold-shouldered by the other Balkan States, and she has borne a grudge against Rumania who took the Dobrudja from her in 1913. This district is not very important to Bulgaria apart from a sense of national pride, but is regarded as vital to Rumania as being the mouth of the Danube, and guarding her great port of Constanza.

Attached by old associations to Russia, Bulgaria has been for some time lured by the thought of Russian help in regaining the Dobrudja, but her belief that Soviet Russia retains anything of the former Holy Mother Russia is gradually dissipating. As one correspondent writes, the impression now is that the U.S.S.R. is "neither holy, nor motherly, nor Russian."

The fourth danger which confronts Rumania is the lack of friendliness of her neighbour Hungary. Ever since the spring of last year the troops of both countries had been mobilised along their frontiers, till the greater danger brought them to an agreement to demobilise in October—a general relief, both financially and for the need of men to gather in the harvest. Rumania has tried to sign a non-aggression pact but up to the present has not been successful. The loss of Transylvania is too poignant for the Hungarians to agree until the question of revision of the Treaty of Trianon has been settled.

Over the minorities Rumania has endeavoured recently to meet objections and has been providing schools for the various nationalities, but Transylvania is a knot difficult to unravel. The population is almost equally divided between Rumanians and Hungarians, and both countries claim historical justification for possession. It would appear that Italy has been trying to persuade Hungary to defer her territorial claims till war is over, and meanwhile to come to terms with Rumania. If only the Balkan countries could agree to settle their various difficulties they could present a solid block against their two ruthless enemies, Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia.

King Carol of Rumania is determined to maintain neutrality, but if any attempt at invasion is made he is equally determined to resist. In September, 1938, when Germany took the Sudetenland, he decided upon a method of defence as a protection against any sudden blow, and at once began the construction of a gigantic moat which now stretches along the frontiers of Russia, Poland, and Hungary. This great dyke is 40 ft. wide and as many feet deep and by uniting rivers and lakes makes a formidable obstacle to any mechanised army.

Drawn by D. Macpherson

A DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF A RUMANIAN OIL TANK TRAIN

Germany, with a production of 3,500,000 tons of petroleum and synthetic oils in 1940, has against her a war-time requirement of 13,000,000 tons. Some 80 per cent. of Germany's 1938-9 imports came from North and South America—which are now unavailable because of the blockade. About 10 per cent. were from Rumania and only 2 per cent. from Russia. Even if various reasons for doubting whether Russia has production to make up an important part of the 11,000,000 tons deficiency in 1940 be incorrect, still the problem of exporting enough of it to western Germany to relieve a shortage developing in 1940 appears very difficult if not insurmountable. This task involves 600 miles of tank steamer transportation on the Black Sea and 1,200 miles of river and rail transportation from the Black Sea coast

CREWS OF THE AIR AND OF THE SEA

THE TEN UNITS OF A GIANT FLYING-BOAT'S CREW STANDING ON THE WING OF THEIR PLANE

The two pilots are easily distinguishable; there are usually four gunners, a wireless operator, and an engineer or so among the crew. There is considerable diversity of rig in the group—all forming a cheery group, facing the happenings of the day with a humorous cameraderie

RESCUED FROM THEIR BLOWN-UP SHIP: SURVIVORS OF THE DESTROYER "GRENVILLE" TAKE IT CHEERILY IN THEIR INDIAN BLANKET OUTFIT

Only a few hours after she had left port last week H.M. destroyer *Grenville* (1,485 tons) was mined or torpedoed in the North Sea. She was an Admiralty type flotilla leader and cost £336,000. When the explosion occurred "she folded up like a jack-knife," said one of the eighty-one survivors. Many of the men when rescued were without shoes or socks. Clad in blankets, they were hurried to bunks in other vessels at an East Coast por.

PUSHING OUT TO SEA IN ORDER TO CARRY ON BRITAIN'S OVERSEA TRADE

This typical scene illustrates the thousands of entries and departures, referred to by the First Lord, which take place in spite of all forms of attack

FOUR MONTHS' WAR

A Special Survey of the End of 1939 as It Affected

FROM a study of the now available figures for the first four months of ruthless warfare on Allied and neutral merchant shipping it is possible to arrive at a more general survey of the results.

In that time there have been four peak periods of losses due to German submarines and the indiscriminately laid mines, possibly corresponding to the way in which the submarines are sent out and return for rest and refit. The first peak was during the opening week of the war when, as the result of many German U-boats being already on their war stations, combined with a normal quantity of shipping scattered over the seas, while our protective measures were not yet fully operative, some 65,000 tons of British shipping was sunk. As minor adjustments have to be made from time to time all tonnages given on these pages are in round figures to the nearest thousand.

The second week dropped to 46,000 tons, with a steady decline to about 6,000 by the end of September. The middle of October showed a rise to 35,000 tons. For the whole month of September the figure was 155,000 tons, and for October about 85,000, again falling away till the second week of November. Just then, and probably because the Germans realised that their submarines were getting it too hot from our Navy, the new development of laying "magnetic" mines was adopted, these being placed by submarines or aircraft in the shallower waters and estuaries outside our ports. A spate of losses resulted for a week or two, but unfortunately for the sorely-tried neutrals, they suffered as badly as, if not worse than, we did. It was not long, however, before our "safety patrols" and other precautions soon checked these activities.

At the end of the first three months, as stated by Mr. Churchill on December 6, our total losses amounted to 340,000 tons, but after deducting the tonnage captured from the enemy—about 80,000 tons—and taking into account new tonnage put out from our shipyards, as well as transfers from neutrals, our net available tonnage was only 60,000 tons down.

In July last we had new tonnage building to the extent of 190 vessels aggregating 800,000 tons, and Mr. Churchill also stated that the Ministry of Shipping was arranging the charter of several millions of tons of other shipping.

During December the weekly losses of British ships were 35,000, 30,000, 6,500, and 3,000 tons—again a diminishing quantity. Bringing matters up to January 3, or the first four months of the war, the total figures are as follows: 112 British ships of 423,000 tons, or only 2 per cent. of total owned; 12 French of 56,000 tons; and 85 neutrals of 260,000 tons, making a total

STRUCK BY A MINE IN THE NORTH SEA

The London steamer *Boxhill* foundered with nineteen of her crew missing

of 209 ships of nearly 740,000 tons. In the same time the Germans lost 22 vessels of 136,000 tons sunk or scuttled, and 19 ships of 88,000 tons captured, making a total of 41 ships aggregating 224,000 tons.

On top of these enemy losses, the quantity of contraband goods seized on its way to Germany is now just under 1,000,000 tons, of which the British have taken 540,000, and the French 430,000.

Compared with the year 1917, during which the sinkings of merchant shipping were the heaviest, the figures are :—

Period	British ships No.	British ships tons	French ships No.	French ships tons	Neutral ships No.	Neutral ships tons	Total Allied and neutral tons
4 mths. to Jan. 3, 1940	112	**423,000**	12	56,000	85	260,000	739,000
First 4 mths. of 1917		**British 1,450,000 tons**		Total Allied and neutral 2,650,000 tons			
Worst 4 mths. of 1917		**1,885,000 tons**		3,150,000 tons			

So that our own losses in the first four months of this war amounted to 22 per cent. of the worst four months of 1917 (March to June).

It must be borne in mind, however, that we had at the beginning of this war only 8,977 merchant vessels (including those of the Dominions) against 10,123 in 1914, or 1,146 fewer ships. The total tonnage of the Empire is slightly higher now at 21,000,000 against 20,524,000 in 1914, so that the average size is slightly bigger.

Another interesting point is in the analysis of the various sizes and ages of ships we have lost, together with the number owned of those sizes as at June 30 last.

British losses in the first four months of this war :—

Tonnage range, gross tons.	Number lost.	Number owned.	Per cent lost.
Over 10,000	4	240	1·5
8,000 to 10,000	11	273	4
6,000 to 8,000	9	488	1·75
4,000 to 6,000	31	991	3
2,000 to 4,000	14	484	3
100 to 2,000	43	4,247	1

This last item includes 19 trawlers of under 500 tons.

THE TOLL OF THE SEA —STRESS OF WEATHER ADDS TO THE NUMBER OF MARINE CASUALTIES

The bow of the *Brake* lightship after she had been in collision with an Italian vessel off the south-east coast. Heavy damage on the port side is visible

on MERCHANT SHIPPING

Maritime War up to the British and Neutral Shipping

Taken in terms of ages of ships lost :

Age—Years -	0–5	5–10	10–15	15–20	20–25	Over 25
Numbers lost	19	14	27	19	13	4
Trawlers -	1	—	1	2	7	5
Total - -	20	14	28	21	20	9

For France and the neutral countries which have suffered the most the figures are :—

Tonnage range, all sizes..	Number lost.	Tons.	Number owned.	Tons.	Per cent. of tonnage
France - -	12	56,000	1,231	2,934,000	1.9
Norway - -	23	62,000	1,987	4,834,000	1.3
Sweden - -	21	38,000	1,231	1,577,000	2.4
Denmark - -	9	23,000	705	1,175,000	1.9
Holland - -	7	39,000	1,523	2,970,000	1.3
Greece - -	9	43,000	607	1,781,000	2·4

Although, on the other hand, Germany's actual losses amount to forty-one vessels of 224,000 tons, representing only 1¾ per cent. by number, or 5 per cent. by tonnage, by far the greater number of her merchant fleet is rusting in her own or in neutral harbours, or bottled up in the now more or less Russian-controlled Baltic. Even there Germany is not safe from her ally as the 3,300 tons *Bolheim* was sunk by a Russian submarine last month.

While the unrestricted submarine warfare has been reduced to a non-paying proposition for Germany, and the latest Nazi frightfulness in the form of magnetic mines has been checked, the damage done by their surface raiders cannot have come up to their expectations.

The exploits of the pocket battleship *Admiral Graf Spee*, now so ignominiously ended, accounted for some 50,000 tons of our shipping, compared with the remarkable performance of the *Emden* in 1914, which sank 70,000 tons in the three months she was at large, and the still more active depredations of the little armed tramp *Moewe*, which disposed of 100,000 tons, and survived to the end of the war. The *Deutschland's* record so far has been even less destructive, though she sank our armed merchant cruiser *Rawalpindi*, which put up such an epic fight against overwhelming odds. Back in her home ports again, she is marking time.

It is difficult to imagine any striking new surprise development such as the magnetic mine, though that was not altogether a secret, but it is pretty certain that, as their desperation increases so will Nazi ruthlessness, if that is possible. Against future attacks the number of our merchantmen armed for self-defence is being increased from 1,000 to 2,000, while anti-submarine craft of all kinds, minesweepers and aircraft are piling up the counter-attack strength. Then there is the gigantic minefield being laid from the Moray Firth down to the Dover Straits, providing a narrow channel for shipping right up the east coast.

Outstanding events connected with this ruthless piracy on the high seas have been the torpedoing of the *Athenia*, with a loss of 125 lives, in the first week, and the tragic loss of the Dutch liner *Simon Bolivar* by mines on November 17, when 140 lives were lost; the almost comical voyage of the *City of Flint*, with its international complications, and the adventures of the German star liner *Bremen*, which managed to slip home by the grace of our submarine the *Salmon*, which had the chance of torpedoing her.

The Nazi policy of scuttling disposed of another large German liner, the *Columbus*, while others, such as the *Tacoma*, have decided to suffer internment.

SEA TRADE CARRIES ON IN SPITE OF THE ATTACK BY MINE AND TORPEDO

Unloading eggs and cheese in a London dock after the safe arrival of a convoy

After four months of the increasingly frenzied attacks by every means at the disposal of the enemy, not one of our many ports has been closed by enemy action for a single day ; between 100 and 150 ships enter and leave those ports daily, and we still have some 2,500 ships sailing the seven seas. In spite of Lord Haw-haw's boasts that the British Isles are blockaded, and that the German fleet and aircraft control the "German Ocean" as they like to call the North Sea, for every 1,000 tons of British shipping sunk, 110,000 tons have entered the ports of this "blockaded island."

By EDWIN H. JUDD

During the ten days ending December 20, 1,454 British vessels, totalling 3,648,000 tons, entered and cleared at our ports, an increase of thirty per cent. over the previous ten days.

Not always are those ships of all nations guarded and guided in convoys by aeroplanes and destroyers, but many venture out alone. Ships of all sizes and types, traders and transports, trawlers and tramps, plough their way through stormy winter days and pitch-black nights, the icy cold spray splashing over their decks, and everyone aboard tensely conscious of an unseen enemy. Suddenly in the darkness a terrific explosion breaks the ship in two like a dry stick across one's knee; steel plates tear like paper, timbers crunch, and cargoes tumble about. Possibly broken steam pipes and damaged boilers scatter their scalding stream of death around, lights flicker and fires break out here and there. Life-boats not already damaged are launched in haste and a mass of human beings scramble into them before the ship takes her final plunge into the swirling waters. Then hours, or even days, afloat with only a raft or a waterlogged boat between them and death.

Such is the warfare of which the Nazis boast. Yet our indomitable naval and merchant men face it all calmly and bravely, chasing and destroying the submarines, sweeping up the deadly mines, driving off air attacks by bomb and machine-gun, and show the world who is really top dog on the seas to-day.

And we must not forget the lifeboatmen who have, in weathers most foul, rescued over a thousand shipwrecked victims since the war started, the weekly average of which has been three times that of the last war.

A FRENCH TANKER, TORPEDOED BY A U-BOAT, GOES DOWN IN FLAMES

RESCUED BY A BRITISH DESTROYER AFTER THEIR SHIP HAD COLLIDED WITH A NAZI MINE

Some of the crew of the London tanker *El Oro* being picked up by a British destroyer off the west coast

THE EPIC OF FINLAND: With the Sharpshooters Among the Fir Trees

HEAVY SNOWFALL STILL FURTHER CLOGS THE WHEELS OF WAR

In addition to the low te
a winter exceptional ever
falls of snow have sti
Russian columns. The
conduct any tactical ope
snow has evidently prove
troops, fed with propagan

THE FINNISH SHARPSHOOTERS STALK THE RUSSIANS THROUGH THE PINE TREES

The pictures given here show the recent condi
eastern forests. Over thick snow, the Finn s
gliding, and picking off with deadly accuracy
They have demonstrated the value of individual
is more destructive of morale than the steady

ow temperatures experienced in
l even for Finland, some heavy
ve still further hampered the
The attempt to advance or
l operations through knee-deep
proved too much for the Soviet
paganda but little nourishing food

conditions in the northern and
Finnish picked shots have been
curacy their selected targets.
idual accuracy of fire and nothing
eady dropping of man after man

A MARRIAGE OF INCLINATION AND REASON

M. Raoul Dautry and Mr. Leslie Burgin Harness Two Great Empires for the Solution of Economic Supply

By NOEL THOMPSON

"OURS, my friend, is a marriage both of inclination and reason." I wish I could get a better translation from the original French of M. Raoul Dautry, the French Minister of Armaments, and could give a clearer impression of the smilingly affectionate way in which he patted Mr. Leslie Burgin's arm as he made the remark. It was spoken during M. Dautry's recent visit to London to discuss with the Ministry of Supply "no question of policies or ideas, but practical subjects." Before he left again for Paris I was able to ask M. Dautry about Anglo-French co-operation, and both he and Mr. Burgin answered with complete freedom, not to say enthusiasm.

M. Dautry is, I should say, round about fifty. His hair is greying and he has a neat grey moustache above a mouth always ready to smile. Fine-featured, he radiates energy, good humour, and also quiet determination. Most of his life has been spent working with the French railways. He worked up from District Director for the Company du Nord to Chief Engineer. In 1928 he became Director-in-Chief of all the French railways and it was he who was responsible for the modernisation of the latter. Wherever he has worked, with the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, as Chairman of the Air Mail organisation, or with the National Economic Council, he has been equally popular with his staff and the workmen. He speaks no English but French is a second native tongue to Mr. Burgin, so that presents no difficulties. They are more like members of a family than business associates.

What has happened, and is happening, is that each country manufactures the goods it can produce best. For instance, some equipment and clothing produced in England cannot be rivalled by France, so we produce the lot. On the other hand, much material needed by the British Expeditionary Force is much better produced in France, and this has the advantage of saving ship and railway transport, an economy both in time and money which both sides are studying.

In fact, M. Dautry pointed out that there is better co-operation now between the two countries than even in 1918 in the last war. "We learned by experience of 1914 to 1918, and we made our plans in case the war we both tried so hard to avoid should come. When it came we could act at once."

I raised the question of whether it would ever be possible for the French and British armies to have the same guns, rifles, bayonets, and equipment. Obviously that would be a vast task. M. Dautry smiled as he replied "We should have thought about that 400 years ago." At the moment there is no such wholesale idea. The French will stick to their 75 cm. and 105 cm. guns, and we shall stick to our own, but it may happen later that there will be some mingling, and certainly any new weapon produced by either side will be manufactured for and available to both armies.

In an article a few weeks ago I wrote about the way our scientists have been mobilised into specialist groups, ready to work or investigating any subject in which they are particularly expert. In France a similar system has been adopted. But what I did not know was that the two groups are in the closest and most constant touch, and any problem or new invention is immediately transmitted across the Channel to the group most suited to deal with it.

Liaison officer at the Ministry of Supply in London is small Professor Paul Montel. Thirty-six years ago M. Montel, a brilliant young professor, was appointed to the Ecole Polytechnique, which is the Military Academy for Artillery and Engineering, to take a class of senior boys. Among his pupils was a seventeen-year-old youth, Raoul Dautry. Now the professor works for his former pupil.

Some idea of the co-operation which M. Montel obtains is illustrated by an incident during the recent talks. A new invention was under discussion between M. Dautry and Mr. Burgin. It was in the afternoon and a quick decision was needed. Needless to say, there is a direct telephone line open to Paris, and within five minutes M. Montel and M. Dautry were talking to their offices. Within an hour an official with the private papers was in an aeroplane on his way to London, and that evening the whole question was thrashed out. M. Dautry smiled as he told this story.

The question of raw materials does not come directly under M. Dautry, as it does under Mr. Burgin, but he explained how closely he worked with the French Ministry of Public Works and how every problem is being ironed out. He exampled a cargo of copper from Australia, bound for England. It was but a matter of a telephone call and a radio in code to switch the vessel from a British port to a French one, where it was much more urgently needed. Prices are fixed between the two countries and there is naturally no competition in buying in the markets of the world. As we talked, M. Dautry mentioned the power of the two great empires, British and French, now harnessed together as never before, economically and politically.

He compared the efforts of Germany, starting to re-arm so long before the war, as those of one who "started the struggle like a runner, who, though quick and powerful, begins the race with his heart throbbing and eyes blurred by the distance he has already run. We started with an even breath and a clear vision."

M. J. Picard, who is secretary of the French Armaments Mission permanently resident at the Ministry of Supply, explained to me how machine tools between the two countries are now being pooled. This is bringing a great speeding up in the factories of both countries.

But if the factories are working hard, what about the question of man power? Clearly there have been suggestions of an interchange of labour, but as M. Dautry pointed out with another of his smiles, "how can you expect a good Frenchman to do his best on English beer, or an Englishman to prefer *vin blanc*?" Clearly he was skimming the question. Despite the wage differences it might come about. "For not till every man and woman in both countries are working their hardest can we be content that we have put in the maximum effort. We have combined our science, our technical knowledge, our resources, our machines *and our labour*."

Despite the fact that it is not directly his concern, I managed to get M. Dautry, under Mr. Burgin's benign eye, to mention the question of a common export policy. Obviously both countries must export to live. With markets reduced can rivalry be reduced also? "I am in favour," he said, "of a common export policy. But we must be careful not to harm the private interests, and to prepare for peace. I can say that we already have a common policy. Now that the needs are better known it is the time to put it into action." Which seems to show that our mutual export difficulties are now satisfactorily solved so far as is possible at this date. As for peacetime, I fancy that an Anglo-French Empire Union is an ideal not far now from a possibility.

I have dwelt at length on M. Dautry and his Ministry of Armaments as an outstanding example of Anglo-French co-operation. Obviously on the battlefield, at sea, and in the air there is the closest co-operation. The Ministry of Economics, tucked away in Houghton Street, W.C.2, has a strong Economic Mission from Paris working in co-operation twenty-four hours a day, but it was news to me how closely the two Ministers of Labour have been working, and how satisfactorily the conversations have been between them and the French Syndicalists, or T.U.C. chiefs. Was this again over Anglo-French exchange of labour?

Clearly on our supply front, if words mean anything, there could be no tighter knitted co-ordination between France and Great Britain. "We arm and shall continue to arm to the hilt," concluded M. Dautry, "with a fierce determination, for we are convinced that we are paving the way for a world where there will be no need for a Ministry of Armaments." And with a sincere, if ornate gesture, he added as an afterthought, "And when the peace does come, my only regret is that it will break my association with my friend here."

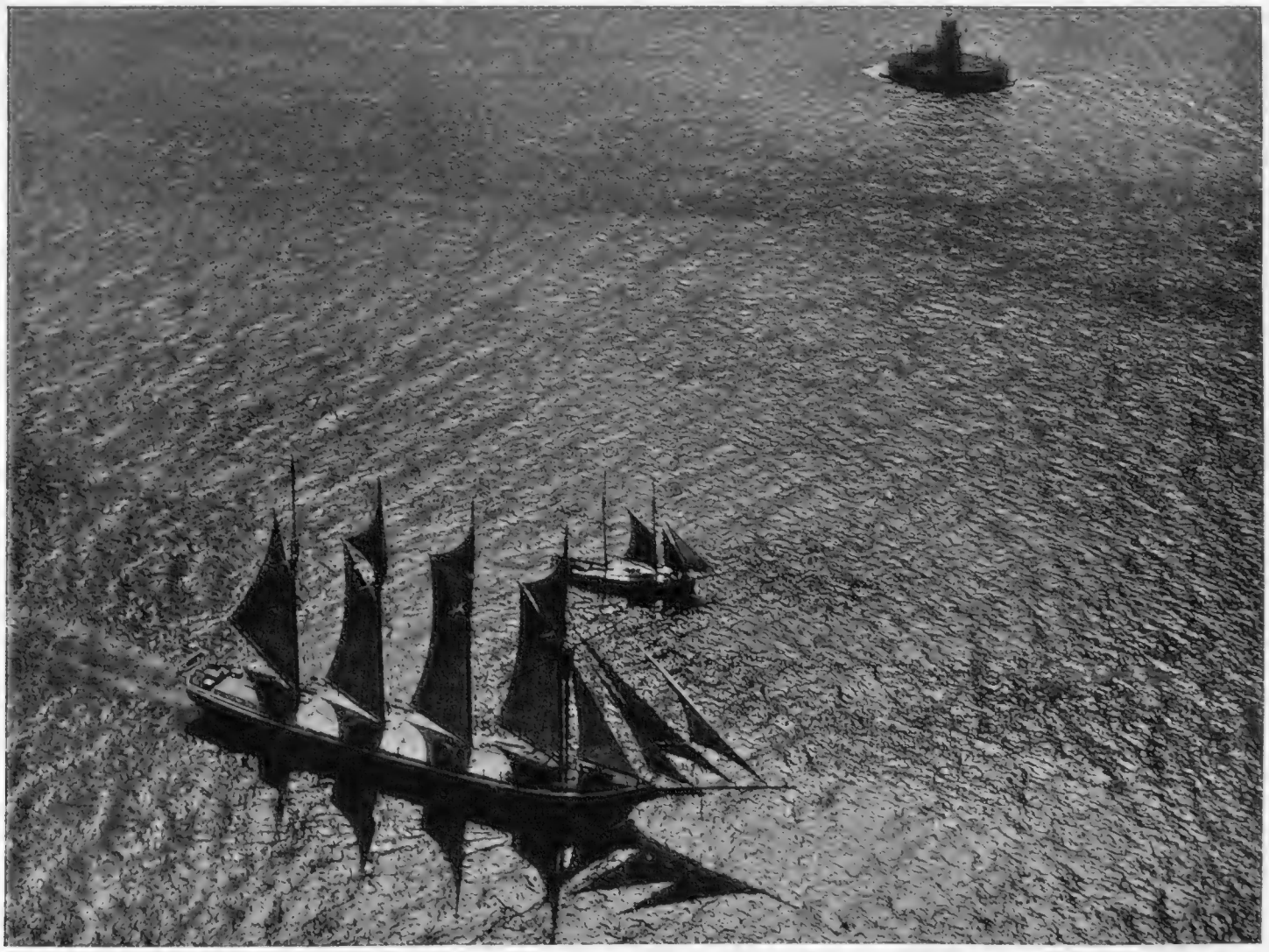
THE REPRESENTATIVES OF TWO EMPIRES DISCUSS THE WAYS AND MEANS OF JOINT SUPPLY

M. Raoul Dautry, the French Minister of Armaments, in conversation with Mr. Leslie Burgin, Minister of Supply, in his ministerial office with members of M. Dautry's staff

ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM—DENMARK

THE SKAW, OR HOOK, OF JUTLAND, THE NORTHERNMOST TIP OF THE DANISH PENINSULA

Jutland ends in a peak, the Skaw, like a bird's beak, washed by the sea on both sides, and surrounded by wild sand dunes. In winter storms, the waves rise into great breakers, and the wind tosses the sand, altering all the shapes of the dunes. But in summer it is a happy resort for visitors, who lie on the warm sand enjoying the wide blue sky and calm sea, delightful for bathing. Skagen, the small fishing town, at the tip of the peninsula of Jutland, is an interesting old place, retaining much of its ancient appearance, so much so that it attracts many artists who have painted the hardy fisherfolk among their nets and boats



FINNISH SAILING VESSELS AND A LIGHT-HOUSE IN THE SOUND, OR SUND, BETWEEN DENMARK AND SWEDEN

The Sound is about 3 miles wide at its narrowest and is some 50 miles in length. For several centuries tolls were levied on ships passing through the Sound but in 1857 these were abolished by a treaty with the maritime powers, Denmark agreeing to maintain the lighthouses and to superintend pilotage through the Sound

ON THE EDGE of the

Illustrated from a Special

ON THE TREE-CROWNED CLIFFS OF BORNHOLM RISES THE RUINED CASTLE OF HAMMERHUS

Bornholm is the loveliest of the Danish islands, with a fine, rocky coast, cut into weird shapes by the force of the sea, with rich, undulating land rising to a hilly district in the centre, surrounded by forest land. The farms are laid out in picturesque fashion

WHERE THE FERTILE FIELDS OF ZEALAND END IN THE CLIFFS OF STEVNO (STEVNO KLINT)

SKAGEN HARBOUR AT THE SKAW, JUTLAND'S NORTHERNMOST POINT

On top right—

Helsingor does not possess the cliffs described in *Hamlet*. Instead of the "dreadful summit of the cliff that beetles o'er his base into the sea," there is a low shore, shaded by splendid beech trees. Kronborg Castle, built at the end of the sixteenth century, is a beautiful Renaissance chateau, no longer the strong fortress guarding the Sound

On left—

THE DOCKYARD AT FREDERIKSHAVN, WHERE THE TRAVELLER EMBARKS FOR SWEDEN

Frederikshavn lies on the Kattegat, just south of Skagen. It is an important town in consequence of its fine harbour, from which a busy trade is carried on, particularly with Sweden

LIKE A TOWN ON LILLIPUT

An overhead view o Tondern was inc but since the pleb voted to return t like little place, nea

Viewed geographically, Denmark is one of the oddest of countries. It consists of the peninsula of Jutland (the land of the Jutes), which is itself pierced by deep inlets and broken in places by wide lakes. Lying to the eastward of the peninsula, which is very flat on its western side and protected by sea dykes, are a number of islands, some lying quite close to Jutland and others separated from it by wide

e STORM—DENMARK

al Set of Aerial Pictures

The view gives a good idea of the careful way in which the land is cultivated. The fields come right up to the edge of the white cliffs of Eastern Zealand

LOOKING DOWN INTO THE COURTYARD OF KRONBORG CASTLE, ELSINORE, FULL OF ASSOCIATIONS WITH HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

Elsinore is the English rendering of Helsingor, an old town on Zealand, the largest island of the whole group, and the most important, due to the position of the capital, Copenhagen, on its eastern coast

Tondern, in the province level with the Island of Sylt, porated into Germany after the disastrous war of 1864, cite of 1920 when the separated portion of South Jutland Denmark, is now a frontier town in Denmark. It is a toy- and immaculate, possessing a sixteenth-century church

channels. On Zealand is the capital, Copenhagen, and for long the Danes thought their islands impregnable, but the landing on Alsen by the Germans and Austrians in 1864 shook that confidence very violently, especially in view of the fact that the Danish Navy was a very effective force. The views will convey the nature of both the peninsula and the main islands forming the kingdom of Denmark

SONDERBORG ON ALSEN ISLAND IN SCHLESWIG, NEAR THE GERMAN FRONTIER

Sonderborg was also part of the Prussian loot in 1864, when the pleasant little town was bombarded by the Germans. A great stand had been made by the Danes at the entrenchments of Dybböl on the mainland, separated from Alsen by a narrow sound, where they had resisted the fierce attack for two months. So many houses were destroyed by German guns and subsequent fires that a great part of Sonderborg is modern, though the town itself is an old one. Now restored to Denmark, it is freed from the harsh Prussian hand which for fifty-six years strove to make them good Germans in vain. They were forced to fight for Germany in 1914, much against their will

On right—

LILLEBAELTE-BROEN

The new British-built bridge which spans the Little Belt between Fyen Island and Jutland

THREE PERIODS IN DANISH HISTORY

1360-1658. Denmark attained the zenith of its power in 1360, through the tireless efforts, skill and statecraft of Valdemar IV, who raised Denmark to the position of the most powerful State in Scandinavia

1658-1864. Throughout the following centuries Denmark succeeded in retaining the principal portion of its territory, despite an endless series of wars throughout Europe. In 1864 it was attacked by Prussia and Austria with the loss of the territory shown above (shaded)

1864-1940. Thus to-day in 1940 we find Denmark still a kingdom of importance, holding a strong strategic position at the mouth of the Baltic and a potential force in European politics, not to be lightly set aside

ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM—DENMARK

DENMARK is one of the oldest of the states of Europe. She is also one of the smallest, having about one-third less than the area of Scotland. She has no minerals and very little coal, but the thrift and industry of her people have made her a prosperous country. Acting as the larder of Europe, she supplies the neighbouring countries with pigs, bacon, butter and eggs, produced in great quantity by her hardworking and clever farming folk.

KEY MAP OF DENMARK SHOWING POSITIONS OF PLACES ILLUSTRATED IN THIS SECTION

The mainland consists of the peninsula of Jutland, of which a large portion is sandy dunes; the rest of the country being the islands, blocking the entrance to the Baltic Sea, which are covered with a fertile soil deposited by the glaciers of the Ice Age. But the Danes have not been content merely to cultivate the rich land, they have worked hard on the sandy moorlands where special planting has been carried out, till trees and some crops have been successfully grown. Indeed, only a very small percentage of Denmark is uncultivated in spite of the natural difficulties.

There is no minority question in Denmark, the entire population belonging to the Scandinavian branch of the Teutonic race. At one time in her history there was a union between Denmark, Norway and Sweden, all three countries under the King of Denmark. Unfortunately the kings were resident in Denmark, and were apt to neglect the two northern countries, till Sweden broke away. Norway remained until 1814 but had shown no great progress under Danish rule, and had not contributed much to the power and strength of the dominant partner. As all three countries are akin in race, speech and general characteristics, it is to be regretted that they did not maintain the union and develop into a strong power, capable of holding its own against the continental states.

As it is, owing to her small resources, Denmark has had a very difficult part to play since war began. She has been determined to be strictly neutral and to trade with all countries, but her nearness to Germany has laid her open to Nazi threats of all kinds. Her shipping has been attacked and at one time it seemed as if she would have to give up her great trade in pigs, bacon and butter with Britain, her largest customer. Germany insists that the Danes are pro-British, unsympathetic to Nazi aspirations, and does her best to flood her small neighbour with propaganda. Newspapers are told that all German advertisements will cease if the tone of the paper does not please Berlin, and shipowners are warned that they must use the Kiel Canal if they do not want their vessels to be sunk.

Hitler is busy trying to persuade Denmark, along with all the other neutral states, to join in a continental blockade of Britain on the lines of the Napoleonic effort, which almost ruined Denmark. So far the Danes have resisted all efforts to break her neutrality, and dares to show sympathy for Finland, in spite of the frowns and threats across their frontier. Dr. Stauning, the Danish Prime Minister, asserts that there is only one course for Denmark: to remain neutral, but that the country would resist any attempt at Nazi invasion.

Denmark has no cause to love Germany, who robbed her of the two duchies of Schleswig and Holstein in 1864. These duchies were not part of the State of Denmark but were hereditary possessions of their kings, and were reckoned among the smaller principalities of Germany. The inhabitants were very largely German, and there were constant complaints that the Danish kings were trying to crush the rights of the German population.

Trouble arose when King Frederick II died, leaving no direct heir. His successor, Charles IX, father of Queen Alexandra, had been chosen some time previously by an arrangement with the Great Powers. But though accepted in Denmark, the duchies put forward a claimant, Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, who was supported by the German Diet. Bismarck, then the power behind the King of Prussia, persuaded Austria to join with Prussia in forcing Denmark to relinquish the duchies.

Denmark resisted, hoping to obtain assistance from Sweden and England. But though Palmerston, the Prime Minister, had made a vague statement, "if any violent attempt were made to overthrow the rights and interfere with the independence of Denmark, those who made the attempt would find in the result that it would not be Denmark alone with which they would have to contend," and the British people were very sympathetic, it was scarcely a cause for which England could wage war. Much as Prussia was disliked, the duchies were definitely German, and it was difficult to force them under Danish control.

The war was hopeless from the outset, but the Danes fought stoutly, till they were driven from the mainland on to the islands. When Zealand was threatened they at last gave in and had to submit to harsh treatment. Not only were the two duchies cut off, but a portion of southern Jutland that was definitely Danish. Prussia, under Bismarck, then discarded all interest in Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, and seized the duchies for herself.

One is glad to remember that one result of the victory over Germany in 1918 was the return to Denmark of the portion of South Jutland taken from her by Prussia in 1864.

Denmark has not received the severe notes sent by the Soviet Government to Norway and Sweden on the subject of their help to Finland. It has been suggested that under the Russo-German pact the two Scandinavian countries have been given to Russia as her sphere of influence, while Denmark is retained under German auspices. From land and air Denmark is in threatening proximity to Germany, and her hope of resistance to Nazi domination could only be maintained by help from her neighbours.

THE STERN OF THE DANISH BATTLESHIP "NIELS JUEL," SHOWING SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

The *Niels Juel* is the most modern vessel of any size in the Danish Navy. Floats of a special design hang at the stern

A DANISH TORPEDO-BOAT SETTING OUT FOR THE SOUND

The small Danish Navy includes some twenty torpedo-boats and a dozen submarines of a useful type

THE ANZACS MARCH AGAIN:

A Visual Impression of the Dominion's Response to the Call to Arms

SYDNEY TURNS OUT TO WITNESS THE MARCH THROUGH OF THE MEN LEAVING AUSTRALIA FOR ENGLAND

Down Martin Place in New South Wales' capital marched these men of an Australian contingent bound for Britain. Crowds in their summer attire lined the route through the city

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SECOND A.I.F. UNDERGOING SPECIAL PHYSICAL TRAINING

The course is modelled on methods introduced recently into the British Army. At its completion on December 30 these men were to return to their units to supervise the physical and recreational training of troops

A MEMBER OF THE SECOND A.I.F. SAYS FAREWELL IN SYDNEY

There were many little scenes like this before the men of the A.I.F. set out on their long journey to British shores, through threatening seas

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

AN EXPONENT OF FEMININITY

A Japanese Soldier's Impressions—Von Papen's Luck—Roland Pertwee's Career

THE author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* has, in her time, been fruitful on the subject of husbands. Her wit, which can be as illuminating and elusive as a dancing sunbeam, never fails to be exhilarating when one of her characters stands revealed as a husband. The very word she manages to invest with a quite individual mockery.

Wherefore the pages of her novels are seldom husbandless, and through them the omnipresent male finds most of his posturings made ludicrous in the mirror of feminine perception.

Elizabeth's strongest characteristic is her femininity, a quality notoriously lacking in most women novelists. There have been, and are, feminists galore, but for pure femininity one looks along the shelves in vain, passing such sonorous names as Virginia Woolf, Mrs. Gaskell and George Eliot, before arriving at the perfect example of Jane Austen. The reason is, of course, that as an attitude of mind it is difficult to sustain and at the same time be taken as seriously as most novelists—and nearly all women novelists—hope to be taken. Elizabeth is no exception. Through the lightest of her books there runs a thread of seriousness, and the raillery of her wit is often calculated to stir the secret depths of human relationship.

MR. SKEFFINGTON (Heinemann. 9s.) is superficially a comedy. A beautiful woman, petted, spoiled and sheltered, is suddenly brought to the realisation that she has grown old, that her desirability has failed, and that her former lovers are nothing but a pack of pompous old dodderers. With a real feminine touch the author amuses herself by causing it to happen to her heroine, Fanny, at the age of fifty, thereby depriving that singularly unripe age of the garment of self-deception known as the prime of life.

Fanny had had a serious illness, was shocked by what she saw in the glass, and by the fact that her lovely hair was coming out in handfuls. Twenty-two years ago she had divorced her husband. "Twenty-two years of enchanting freedom she had had, and adoring every minute of them, except the minutes at the end of a love affair, when things suddenly seemed unable to avoid being distressing." The first effect was to cause Fanny to think of Mr. Skeffington, the husband she had certainly ceased to remember all those years.

To have to think of him, and in such circumstances, irritated Fanny to the point where she sought out her old loves. One after the other they failed her, and from the series of those encounters Elizabeth extracts full measure of her unique sense of comedy. Yet it is no trivial story, as the end reveals.

Only a woman could have written this book; only a wise, witty, and accomplished artist could have wrought pity from so light a touch, so superficially frivolous a theme.

In a sense WAR AND SOLDIER (Putnam. 8s. 6d.) is very much of a set pattern but that must be so of any truthful account of a war from the inside. These diaries and letters of a Japanese soldier, a squad-leader, or corporal, tell of endless marches, blistered feet, lack of food, bullets, death, searing cold and unbearable heat, matter-of-fact heroism, and yet more marches.

It is the story of a ruthless and unprovoked aggression told by an honest and simple man who finds himself fighting, though it is doubtful if he ever inquired into the rights and wrongs of his cause. He is serving his Emperor, and if he ever had any doubts, they are soon forgotten in the excitement and elation of battle. Only once in the book does he show any hate towards his Chinese foes: when he sees his dead friends being carried away by Chinese prisoners. Many times is he distressed by the fact that the Chinese look so much like the Japanese; he sees both prisoners and dead who look like his friends. He is worried, too, by the way the townspeople react to their conquerors; they fawn and are ingratiating, and he is disgusted. If Japan was invaded by a foreign power his own people would never toady in such a way; that they might be frightened never occurs to him.

Everywhere he finds anti-Japanese slogans left by the retreating Chinese armies, he reports them faithfully and exactly. "Japanese dwarfs," "Ruthless invaders," "China for the Chinese," leave him unmoved; but he risks his life to save a Chinese baby. He sits beneath the plum blossom, meditating on beauty, wondering why there should be war, but he finds the sound of distant gun-fire soothing, though he admits it strange that death may go with every far-off bang.

As I can neither write nor read Japanese it is difficult to judge of the translation by Lewis Bush but I can say that he has conveyed to me the feeling of what I imagine to be Japanese.

The most important impression that the book leaves is that the individual soldier is an infinitesimally small cog in the war machine. He seldom knows what he is doing, where he is going, and practically never why he is doing it, or what anybody else is doing. Victories are a surprise to him, defeats are a confusion. War to him is a muddled pattern of marching soldiers, enemy fire from unpredictable angles, mud, filth, and lack of sleep.

The peripatetic foreign correspondent is a feature of modern life and letters, and Mr. G. L. Steer is therefore only one of many to come along with a book about a potential theatre of war. The difference is that Mr. Steer's conclusions are worth attention, since he is an authority on his subject, both contemporaneously and historically. He also has a considerable advantage over most of the other practitioners in that he is a scholar and a stylist.

A DATE IN THE DESERT (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is a survey of prevailing conditions in North Africa. And it is a valuable survey, in that its main conclusions are being borne out by current events. Much of this book must have been written before, or during the early stages of, this war, and much of it explains why Italy is neutral and why heavy French troop concentrations are no longer found on the Tenda pass.

It is, in fact, an extremely shrewd summing up of the Mediterranean situation, the master key of which is to be found in Tunis, Libya and Egypt. Mr. Steer's conclusions are that in Tunis the Arabs are better disposed towards the French than they are towards the Italians in Libya; that Tunis is invulnerable to Italian attack, and that Egypt presents too many difficulties for a successful offensive in her direction. He finds, in fact, that Balbo and his Italians in Libya are far too busy with chromium, concrete, and collective farming to want to attack anybody.

A biography called FRANZ VON PAPEN (Rich and Cowan. 18s.) has a morbid interest these days for he is a character who has managed to turn up on both sides of the fence (and sometimes embedded in it) whenever catastrophe has threatened Europe during the last thirty years.

Von Papen is an incorrigible leaver-behind of papers, and has a record in such matters only equalled by some British civil servants. As these papers have nearly always been of a character calculated to incriminate him and his government, he might be described as God's gift to the Secret Service. But he has survived these things and has bungled and blundered his way through international diplomacy; into the high office of Chancellor of the German Reich; into the miracle of being a survivor of Hitler's purge; into the role of a pseudo-architect of Hitler's career; into the alleged responsibility for the Russian pact, and into the glorious failure to wreak Hitler's will upon Turkey.

I repeat that the book has a morbid interest, for it bears out the wise saying that fools can be ten times more dangerous than clever men.

In the course of what some people might call a picturesque career, Mr. Roland Pertwee has tried his hand at many things and, as the title of his autobiography, MASTER OF NONE (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) implies, he is very modest about them. He has been an actor, a dramatist, a novelist, a journalist, a screen writer and a soldier.

He first went on the stage under the aegis of that lovable actor-manager, H. B. Irving, and his last appearance was with that equally lovable ditto, Gerald du Maurier. Incidentally, his appearance with Gerald du Maurier in *S O S* is provocative of a very funny story which concerns Gerald's passion for practical joking.

Mr. Pertwee has, by any standards, been a successful dramatist; his novels have enjoyed a wide circulation; he has written some of the best fishing stories in the language; he has received what to this reviewer sounds like fabulous sums from the *Saturday Evening Post* for his short stories; he has been equally well rewarded for his screen work. He was a good soldier with a distinguished war record.

Tschiffely's Ride has already become a classic among travel books, so that it is with some anticipation we open a new book by the same author to find that he has been journeying again, this time through the little known country of Patagonia. THIS WAY SOUTHWARD (Heinemann. 15s.) begins at Buenos Aires from where Mr. Tschiffely began this journey—in a Ford! "The experience was new to me, for till then I had always travelled by horse or train." The end of a day's run brings him to the ranch where Mancha and Gato, those two famous horses, were spending their old age. He had not seen them for seven years, was delighted when they recognised him, and to find them fit and well.

There is nobody quite like Mr. Tschiffely; his books are full of friendliness as well as adventure and travel interest. When the last black-out blind is drawn he can make at least one reader forget to tune into the latest calamities from the B.B.C. home service. And there are lots and lots of excellent pictures to engage attention.

A DISTINGUISHED WAR CORRESPONDENT: Sir Edward Grigg (left), Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Information, welcoming the famous French author and war correspondent, Sir André Maurois, on the occasion of his arrival in England, together with other French correspondents, as a guest of the Ministry of Information

A LINK WITH CHARLOTTE BRONTE? A peaceful winter woodland scene pictured at Eshton Beck, near Gargrave, Yorkshire. The Hon. Lady Wilson, of Eshton Hall, herself the author of *Dear Youth* and *Late Summer*, has suggested that Charlotte Brontë may have obtained the name of Mrs. Eshton in *Jane Eyre* from this spot

DULWICH COLLEGE COMES BACK: Evacuated to Tonbridge on the outbreak of war, Dulwich College has now resumed at Dulwich, suitable air raid protection having been provided. Mr. W. R. Booth, M.A., headmaster, is seen in conference with A. B. W. Pennell, captain of the school for football

THE VALUE of the BLACK-OUT

Reviewed from the Point of View of the Air

The War in the Air, described by CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

APART from the fact that the black-out has caused more deaths on British roads than has the war itself, there is a remarkable diversity of opinion among aviators about whether the black-out is worth while as a means of minimising the effects of bombing. The official dictum that the black-out is to continue, and is to be more rigorously enforced may be taken as the last word on the subject from those in high places. But the arguments for and against a complete black-out are still worth considering, if only to justify the action of the authorities.

If we were only considering the bombing of London the argument against a complete black-out might have some force. R.A.F. pilots and civil pilots alike agree that if one can see the ground at all, as one can on any moderately clear night, even without a moon, the various districts of London can always be located by the distinctive bends in the Thames. At any rate, those bends give the longitude of the various districts, and the latitude of districts north and south of the Thames may be located by other features, such as parks or reservoirs, in ordinary starlight. But other important armament centres, such, for example, as Birmingham, Derby, Sheffield, Leeds, Nottingham, and others, have no such clear indications on a normally dark night. On the other hand, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Liverpool, Bristol, Southampton and Portsmouth can always be clearly located by their neighbouring water.

Then again, a number of the great manufacturing centres have blast furnaces, and furnaces of various sorts whose flames cannot possibly be blacked-out. And some people whose intelligence and experience is worth considering believe that better results could be got by deceptive lighting than by a complete black-out which leaves the flames of the furnaces standing out as bright points.

During the war 1914–18 the official view was that, no matter how strict the rules of blacking-out were, there would always be some lights showing somewhere which, although they would not indicate any particular points in London, would show that there was a mass of houses covering an area which was itself invisible. That being so, Hyde Park, for example, or Victoria Park, would stand out as large black patches without any lights at all. So at nightfall lines of handlamps were laid out in Hyde Park to give the same impression as did dimly lighted streets. The suggestion was made that still better camouflage might be achieved by stringing lines of lamps across the river and completely blacking-out the bridges so that the tell-tale curves of the river might be disguised.

The idea might still be worth considering and experiments with it would cost little or nothing. If an absolute black-out cannot be assured then deceptive lighting seems worth considering.

I was not there to see, but I was told by people who lived in Hull that after one or two raids by airships had shown them what to expect, somebody in authority struck the bright idea of lighting bonfires on the moors outside the town when bombs had been dropped. These fires deceived the Zeppelin skippers into thinking that they had set something alight with their bombs, and in consequence they used to turn round and bomb the moors with excellent results—from the point of view of the people at Hull.

One of the most curious examples of unintentional deceptive lighting happened during a Zeppelin raid on London. The airship was brought down but not set alight and the crew were captured. The officers when they were questioned by the Intelligence people complained that they had been deceived about their precise position by seeing a lot of reservoirs to the north of London which were not on their maps. They were asked to identify the position of these reservoirs on our own maps, and there were none there. Our people took some time to discover that what had deceived the Zeppelin officers was the moonlight shining on acres of glass-houses in which a large proportion of London's tomatoes are grown.

In those days almost always the airships came over on clear, moonlight nights. If we could depend on enemy bombers only coming over in moonlight there might be stronger arguments in favour of deceptive lighting, for a bright light will blot out the landscape behind it even when moonlit. Everybody knows that who has met a pair of bright motor car headlights a mile away on a straight road.

The drawback to deliberate deceptive lighting is that, as everybody knows, missiles very seldom hit the centre of the target, whether they be bombs, shells, bullets, or brickbats, or even darts. While I was in Norfolk just before the declaration of war a man who had been a special constable in the last war told me of a local gamekeeper who insisted on leaving his windows brightly lighted, saying that he did not care for any old Zeppelins. Sure enough a Zeppelin did come that way and dropped two or three bombs at his lights. They did not hit his house, and the nearest bomb was about half a mile away, but it completely disintegrated a large cultivator, a machine not a farmer, and convinced the gamekeeper that he had better not attract attention in future.

The point of that story is that the person who shows a light is in little danger himself, or herself, but is very much a danger to anything and everybody within a radius of miles. For that reason alone a complete black-out is worth while. And one appreciates why anybody who is careless about blacking-out is unpopular among his neighbours.

Another reason for making the black-out as complete as possible is that if attempts are made to signal to enemy bombers they are more easily spotted by A.R.P. observers. In that extraordinary illuminating book, *Cardboard Crucifix*, the author, Mr. Oloff de Wet, formerly an R.A.F. pilot who was flying for a while for the Reds in Spain—and soon became converted to the opposite faith—describes graphically how when his squadron was sent to bomb Seville the Red bomber pilots had to look out for three bright lights which formed a triangle. They were ordered to drop their bombs as nearly as might be into the centre of that triangle. The lights were shone into the sky by Red agents in Seville.

Provided that the night was clear and that the lights did not make a beam in the sky such signal-lights displayed through an open skylight or any hole in a roof would be very difficult to spot by anybody other than an observer actually flying over the place.

Actually, the whole question of blacking-out, at any rate of houses or buildings, depends on whether enemy bombers intend to bomb individual targets or whether they intend to plaster certain areas with bombs. There is a vast difference between target-bombing and plaster-bombing. Those who have read that grim but fascinating book *What Happened to the Corbetts* by Nevil Shute (otherwise N. S. Norway, one of the founders of Airspeed Ltd.) will get a better idea than can be got in any other way of what plaster-bombing means. His theory is that an enemy who wanted to put an important port or munition area out of action would paralyse the whole district, not by aiming at specific targets such as munition works or docks, but by damaging everything, so that light, power, sewage, water supply and all were put out of action. He chose to make Southampton the centre of his story. The worst problem which the Corbetts had to face was how to get milk for their baby. According to Mr. Norway the enemy never came over in clear weather, but came in above low cloud, fixed their positions, perhaps fifty miles or so away, by star navigation, and flew down into the clouds and dropped their bombs when they had calculated by dead reckoning that they were somewhere over the area to be plastered.

If either side or both sides in the present war did that sort of bombing, black-out would be of little use, and in any case after a short spell of such bombing an all-in black-out would become automatic. There would be no light for anybody, except those who had been foresighted enough to provide themselves with paraffin lamps.

According to the official view "flashes from tube trains and trolley-buses give little help to the pilot and are no good as a navigational guide. They show him that he is over a train or trolley-bus but you can't follow them. Goods yard and marshalling yard lights are a problem, but they can be switched out at a moment's notice."

That may be true enough up to a point. But if a bomber or a fleet of bombers managed to cross the coast without being spotted by our listening posts, which seems very unlikely, they would certainly be able to locate the whereabouts of a big city by the flashes of electric railways and trolley-buses in all directions. The flashes which electric railways produce on a frosty night could, I should guess, be seen 20 miles away, perhaps even more. Certainly they would not lead a bomber to his target but they would show him the whereabouts of a city which otherwise he might pass on one side or the other 5 miles away without seeing it if there were any haze or mist on the ground. So obviously all railway current, bus current, and tram current ought to be shut off if raiders are signalled within 50 miles.

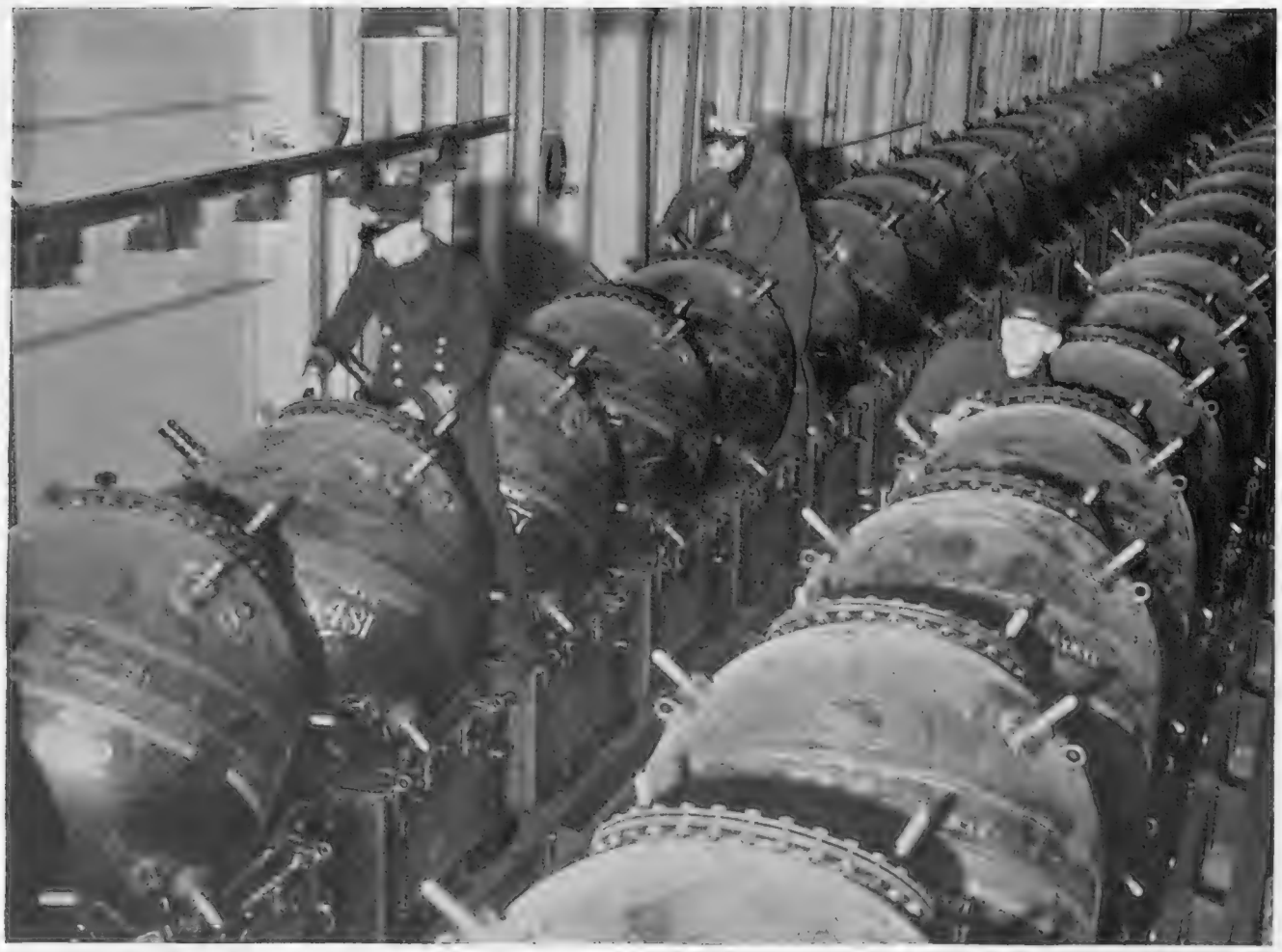
Looking all round the subject I think that anybody who knows anything about air affairs will agree that a black-out is definitely a good thing provided that it *is* a black-out. And I would put in a plea for a little deceptive lighting here and there just because a black-out cannot be perfect. The idea of building on open moorland streets of houses of the sort they put up in cinema sets and lighting them enough to attract the attention of possible bombers is a little too fantastic even in these days when money is no object to bureaucrats, no matter how important it may be to us poor workers. But on the whole, "Keep it dark" is a pretty good motto.

ADING LEAFLETS N A PLANE OUND FOR VIENNA

The success of the flight of R.A.F. machines to Vienna is evidenced by references in Germany to the picking up of the said leaflets

THE LEADER OF THE FLIGHT TO VIENNA AND PRAGUE

The leader was congratulated by the officer in charge of night operations after he landed in France



A LONG PERSPECTIVE OF MINES INSIDE A MINELAYING SHIP ENGAGED IN FORMING A NEW FIELD

This astonishing double row of mines with their sinkers is only part of the deadly cargo carried by British minelaying vessels—one a pleasure cruiser. Each mine is resting sideways on its box-shaped sinker

SIGNALLING FROM A MINELAYING STEAMER TO ATTENDANT DESTROYER WITH A PORTABLE FLASHLAMP

THE ACTUAL MOMENT WHEN A MINE LEAVES THE STERN OF A MINELAYING VESSEL

The mine with its sinker is a strange-looking object as it is shot over the stern of the vessel. In a very brief space of time the apparatus will have adjusted itself on the sea bottom and the mine will have risen to the desired height

THE MINE RUNS FORWARD AND WITH A BIG SPLASH PLUNGES INTO THE FRIGID WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA

A MINEFIELD

Off the East Coast of England

First Pictures of the Actual Process in Operation

These men are engaged on the task of forming a great barrage minefield off the English coast extending for some 500 miles. The field will serve as a protection for all shipping using the eastern ports. The men are wearing the very necessary stormcoats

MANY A MINE GOES TO ITS STATION WITH AN INSCRIPTION OF THIS CHARACTER

The men indulge their humour on the big spherical container of the bomb as it moves in a follow-my-leader fashion

The activities of the Navy in connection with both mine-fighting and minelaying began promptly with the outbreak of war. In 1914–18 this type of warfare developed later on in the conflict. It was a form of sea warfare in no way sought by Britain

ANOTHER INSTANTANEOUS VIEW OF THE MOMENT OF THE MINE'S RELEASE

Away goes the mine over the curved guide runners shown in the picture. Nice calculations have to be made in order that the field shall be properly laid. The magnitude of the task can be glimpsed when one realises that the field is some 30 to 40 miles wide all the way down from the Moray Firth to Dover

"ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS": The new picture which has been delighting audiences at the Gaumont, Haymarket, has a strong musical appeal. Leslie Howard is a famous violinist, and Ingrid Bergman is his accompanist on a fateful European tour during which the heroine is delightfully gowned

A NEW STAR IN "ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS": Ingrid Bergman is a welcome addition to the screen. She acts with charm and plays the piano with devastating effect on Holger's affections

PHILIP PAGE on the THEATRE

Good "Hellish" Effects at Sadler's Wells—A Naughty Butler Tries to Blackmail at the New Theatre—A Powerful Play at the Westminster

BEATRICE LILLIE as a somewhat *passée* star in *All Clear* at the Queen's Theatre

THE season of Ballet at Sadler's Wells has been far too short—the company has now gone on tour again—but it has been an important event in its way. Also, it has been marked by the production of a new work of great skill which should take a permanent place in the repertoire. Indeed, it deserves to figure in the repertoires of the various Russian troupes when (and if) they revisit this country.

Mr. Frederick Ashton is already renowned for his cleverness as a choreographer. His *Dante Sonata* breaks new ground and is far and away his best achievement. A deeply serious subject has been tackled as deeply and as seriously as ballet can tackle anything; for in my humble opinion the leaping and twirling of young men and young women (but particularly young men) with expressions of agonised anxiety are never far distant from the ludicrous, though by such a suggestion I am likely to evoke the fury of the balletomanes. However, choreographic representations of the "Inferno" and "Purgatory" are here attempted with great success, and of Mr. Ashton's nimbly creative imagination and technical skill there can be no question.

I could not quite make out who or what the sundry "characters" were intended to represent. But Mr. Robert Helpman (who is also a first-rate character-actor and can speak his lines with the best of 'em in non-ballet productions) looked horribly evil which, I imagine, was his intention. Miss June Brae—she danced airily enough to surmount any number of banks and braes, did bonny June—seemed (intentionally, of course) to be in a furious temper, and exquisite dancing came also from Miss Margot Fonteyn and Miss Pamela May.

The music has been arranged from some of Liszt's piano works by Mr. Constant Lambert, who conducted it. Liszt is not one of the mighty masters; but his music fits right into the romantic period, and for ballet purposes much of it is ideal.

"Believe It or Not."—This light comedy, by Alec Coppel (who wrote *Who Killed the Count?*) should stay at the New Theatre longer than several of its predecessors, for it has many good points. It is a neat little affair, well produced and perfectly acted, and the dialogue, except for some over-long and over-explanatory scenes, is crisp and amusing. But it has two serious faults. One is that it starts better than it ends—the reverse is the correct arrangement—and the other that it deals with a subject which is essentially unfunny and wholly unsuited for farcical purposes, namely, blackmail. The blackmailer is such a foul beast that on the stage he, or she, should be reserved for melodrama. In this case he is a smooth-mannered butler with some funny lines to say. Mr. Roland Culver was extremely good in the part; yet the very skill with which he played it—and it is a large one—only emphasised the unpleasantness, and made laughter so far as I was concerned, the more difficult. The blackmailer was defeated, but the process, in spite of the virtues I have already enumerated, was by no means as hilarious as it should have been.

One of the real joys of the evening, however, was the performance, as the wife, of Miss Judy Kelly, who is now one of our best comediennes, with a grand sense of style. She is also versatile, for I last saw her as (if my memory is not playing a trick) Catharine of Russia. Mr. Griffith Jones put in some good, easy comedy and Mr. Anthony Holles brilliantly made the most of our old old friend, the comic *valet de chambre*.

ARTHUR RISCOE, SYDNEY HOWARD AND RICHARD HEARNE see one another home in a delicious scene in *Shephard's Pie* at the Princes Theatre

"Desire Under the Elms."—First of all, congratulations to the Westminster Theatre on producing, in the midst of all this war-time frippery in entertainment matters, something serious—Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*. But, by the Lord Harry, how serious the play is! It has been talked of for years, of course—ever since it was written some fifteen years ago. London, the censor having at last relented, is now permitted to enjoy its seriousness and its tragic power, and I trust London will be all the better for it. It cannot possibly do any harm.

The play is a powerful business and should be seen. Good performances by Miss Beatrix Lehmann (who specialises in rather nasty young women on farms), Mr. Mark Dignam and Mr. Stephen Murray.

A FIRST NEW BALLET SINCE THE WAR STARTED, GIVEN AT SADLER'S WELLS: *Dante Sonata*, by Frederick Ashton, is founded on Dante's *Inferno*, and the leads are taken by Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpman, who personify the Good and Bad Spirits respectively. The above group includes these two dancers in the centre

A NEW SETTING for the "YEOMEN of the GUARD"

The Famous Gilbert and Sullivan Opera

Characters in the new setting:

On steps—**Grahame Clifford** as Jack Point. *In front, left to right*—**Sydney Granville** as Wilfred Shadbolt, **Marjorie Eyre** as Phœbe, **Leslie Rands** as Lieutenant of the Tower, **John Dean** as Colonel Fairfax, **Helen Roberts** as Elsie Maynard. *On right*—**Ella Halman** as Dame Carruthers, **Darrell Fancourt** as Sergeant Meryll

Grahame Clifford who appears as Jack Point and all the other famous Lytton parts

Gone is the famous back-cloth showing the White Tower rising majestically to the flies, and in its place is a daring arrangement by Peter Goffin, producer of Mourning Becomes Electra, *etc. His setting is simplified into big masses, which emphasise the colourful costumes of the well-known characters of this music drama. The verdict of the public during the present 3-week season at Golaer's Green will be awaited with interest. A 3-week season at Streatham Hill Theatre will follow*

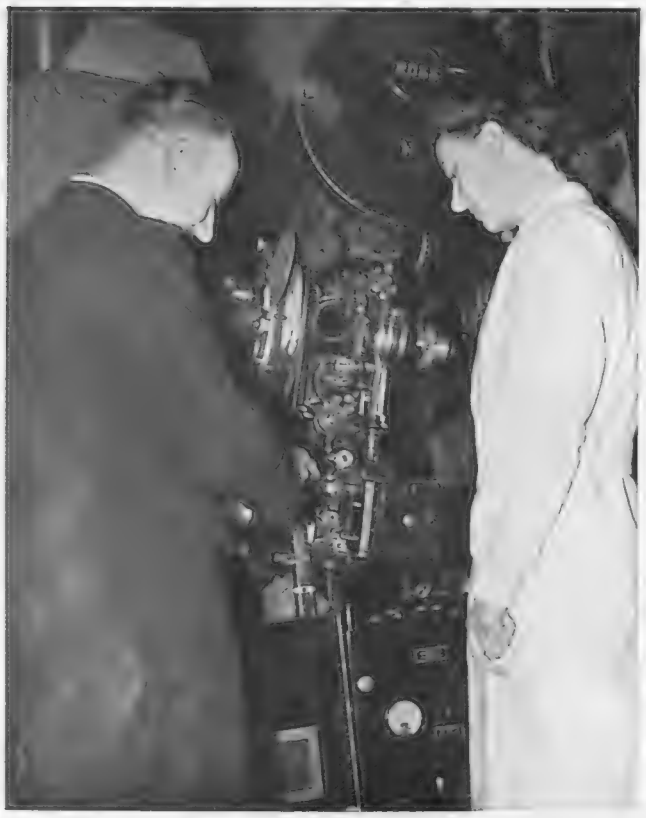
COLONEL FAIRFAX IS RESIGNED TO HIS FATE AND SINGS HIS FAMOUS SONG FROM THE NEW STEPS

Phœbe singing her opening song—with window at which Shadbolt appears. This is generally allowed to be a great improvement inasmuch as it emphasises the introductory character of this song and reveals Shadbolt's liking for Phœbe at the same time

Below—
Ben Williams as Marco in *The Gondoliers*

Another new arrangement in Act I of *The Yeomen of the Guard*, as now being performed at Golder's Green

JUVENILES FROM DISTRESSED AREAS WORK IN MILL: Girl immigrants from the distressed areas are helping out the textile manufacturers in Yorkshire. Many of them are fourteen-year-olds who have left their homes for the first time to take up mill work. In a few weeks these youngsters learn the art of taking off the spools from their pegs and replacing them



BEING TRAINED TO "TAKE OVER": Owing to present-day circumstances, girls are to be trained as cinema projector operators, and to fit them for their job they are to receive a practical training course at a cinema as shown above

FULFILLING ORDERS FOR THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY: High altitude oxygen bottles during course of manufacture. This picture was taken at a British factory, one of the largest in Europe, where a variety of equipment is being turned out

THE PETROL WORLD

ACCIDENTS IN THE BLACK-OUT

The New Regulations Will Do Little to Prevent the Number of Casualties Which Now Are so Numerous at Night

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

IN a way it is a good thing that the appalling casualties on the roads have stirred the Government into action. But the measure that they have taken, namely, the imposition of a 20 m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas during black-out times is what might have been expected from an amateur who, himself, had never driven a car under black-out conditions. Really, I wonder that they did not decide to go the whole hog and prohibit all motor traffic during the period in question. It would have been so easy to enforce such an edict and it would not have required much brainwork to evolve.

Personally, I do not think it will have the slightest effect in reducing the appalling number of casualties, because from experience I find that most drivers of motor vehicles cannot very well exceed 20 m.p.h. under black-out conditions. As in every class and every section of the public, there are black sheep amongst motorists and some of these may exceed 20 m.p.h., but the great majority are far too nervous about causing damage to their cars and endangering their own necks to drive above the speed limit.

The question then arises, how are the authorities to prove that any driver is exceeding the limit. Owing to the lack of light it is difficult, to say the least of it, to be certain that one is in a built-up area but that, of course, is only just one more trouble for the motorist. The police will have to be exceedingly clever to trap anyone, for at the moment there are only two types of speed control, namely, by timing a car over a measured distance or by trailing it by a police car or motor-cycle.

The first method is obviously far from being certain under black-out conditions, because in the dark I doubt if the officer at the end of the control will be able to swear that the car that passed him was the one and the same car that passed the first officer at the beginning of the control when the latter flashed a signal. Assuming for the moment that he could, the policeman in uniform some distance away from the second officer might quite well pull up a car which had not been timed at all. The second alternative, by trailing, is likewise impractical because at the moment no lights are allowed inside a car and so the police if they abide by the regulations will be unable to read their speedometer just in the same way as the driver under suspicion is precluded from seeing the needle on his speedometer.

If the limit is to be enforced the present lighting restrictions will definitely have to be altered. Surely, British justice demands that a citizen who may be prosecuted for an offence should have the facilities for finding out if he is breaking the law. The present black-out regulations prevent him from being certain if he is in a built-up area and, secondly, he has no means of finding out what speed his car is doing.

THE Minister of Transport according to reports issued a pious hope that pedestrians would carry white discs or something which would enable their presence on the road to be more easily detected by the motorist. I am afraid the Minister will be very disappointed, provided he is sincere, in his suggested remedy when the accident returns for the next month are brought to his notice. He is, in fact, only postponing the evil day, by that I mean evil in his estimation, of having to control pedestrians. I do not wish to suggest that the humble walker has an easy or pleasant time when he ventures out during black-out times.

To commence with, he is unable on a really dark night to see where the pavement ends. In fact, he can quite easily step on to the roadway without knowing that he is doing so and at that moment a car can quite well run into him. The edges of the pavement should be defined by means of white paint and the position of pedestrian crossings should be clearly indicated to him. Then during the period undermentioned crossing the road at any other places would constitute an offence.

Whatever measures were taken to indicate the pedestrian crossing to the pedestrian should be of such a nature that its position is likewise made perfectly clear to the oncoming car driver. At present the latter, unless he knows the locality well, has no idea where the pedestrian crossings are positioned. True, the letter "P" is frequently painted on the road before the crossing is reached but from practical experience I can say that a driver is too busy watching for obstacles ahead for the letter to be noticed or, of course, it may be obliterated by mud or snow.

IF the authorities can be persuaded to give us all far more light, matters would definitely improve. However, I am still of the opinion, although the lighting regulations have been modified since I last mentioned it, that failing an increase of light we should be permitted to drive along with far less light everywhere.

Under the present conditions a lighted match can dazzle a driver as much as the most powerful undimmed headlamp could in peace-time. The orange and the green lights of traffic signals make it quite impossible for the average driver to see anything behind them for a certain period. Stop lights and sidelamps and rear lights which are not obscured according to the regulations create risks to pedestrians which can scarcely be believed unless experienced. As for electric torches, they are flashed indiscriminately even on moonlight nights whereas there should be a very strict control exercised over them.

THE good old Ministry of Transport by its imposition of the new 20 m.p.h. limit has given us just one more example of its appalling inefficiency. Apparently, the authorities will not listen to any advice given to them by motorists who actually drive by day and by night in cities and in the country.

If they will not change their ways in this respect I would suggest that they institute official and public inquiries into the cause of every accident that takes place on the roads just as they do in the case of mishaps on the railway. It would cost a lost of money on account of the number of the accidents, but they would then have direct and certain evidence of the causes of the present state of affairs.

THE purchase of Savings Certificates and Defence Bonds is an important part of the national effort to save that is now being made. In order to bring it to the notice of road users as prominently as possible, the Royal Automobile Club has, at the invitation of the National Savings Committee, arranged to issue a special windscreen label produced by the committee, and appeals to all motorists to obtain one of these labels and display it either on the windscreen or elsewhere so that it can be easily seen. These labels can be obtained from the secretary, Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, or from any branch office of the club.

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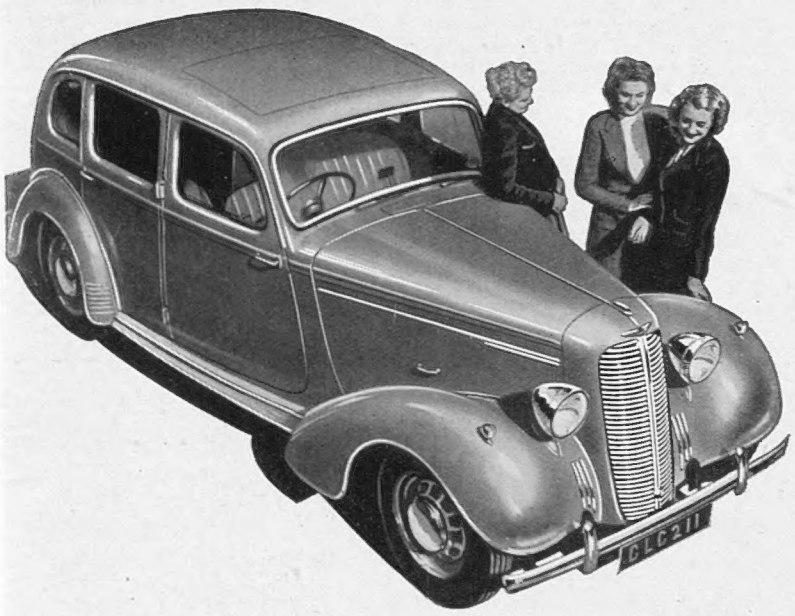

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

I Find Friendliness Again After Two Sad Mistakes

IT was a stranded car at Sevenoaks in Kent which led to my discovering a new route to Brighton. Taking the Westerham road at Riverhead I turned off left at Sundridge over Ide Hill to Edenbridge. This section of the route alone is worth knowing for the views over the weald of Kent from the summit of Ide Hill are superb.

After Edenbridge a turn right takes one to East Grinstead via Dormans. In East Grinstead itself it is best to inquire the way out to Haywards Heath, a rather tricky and undulating run of 12¾ miles by way of Horsted Keynes and Lindfield (not to be confused with Lingfield in Surrey).

After Haywards Heath it is an easy run to Ditchling, which lies at the foot of the Sussex Downs, and then it is but a matter of 10 miles on to Brighton.

The total mileage from London to Riverhead and then onwards by this route is 68, and by the direct Brighton road, 52. I give these figures for the benefit of those who may still have a few petrol coupons left.

It was a stranded car which led to other discoveries, good and indifferent. On my way to Haywards Heath I took the opportunity of visiting two hotels which previously I had known only by name. Neither can I recommend, and in both cases my verdict was based first on the impressions gained on entering.

One can often forgive the hotel which has a forbidding exterior if the entrance hall is cheerful, but at the first hotel I was greeted by gloom, the smell of cooking, and an untidy receptionist. Without seeing the bedrooms, I felt sure they would be completely lacking in individuality, as they proved to be, and I was not surprised when the information was volunteered that trade was very bad.

At the second, a small village inn, which could have been charming, my reception was icy. I rang the bell, but no one appeared. I walked around the lounge; it was as empty as the grate. And then I walked out.

How refreshing it was to enter a little later the friendly portals again of the Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath, quite one of the best residential hotels outside London.

Some 38 miles from London, Haywards Heath is served by about seventy electric trains in each direction, and as all these trains run from either Brighton or Eastbourne, Haywards Heath is thus a strategic spot for those who want to be in touch with both London and the coast. The Birch, the only hotel of consequence in or around Haywards Heath, lies about 1½ miles off the Lewes road from the station.

Some business men would consider this distance from the station a disadvantage, but there are others who like their daily constitutional, knowing that if shanks' pony fails, there's a bus or a taxi to fall back on.

Probably the Birch's principal clientele (at any rate since Commander and Mrs. Harris have run it) is more of a family one. People home from overseas, those retired from the services, and, nowadays, those who for the sake of their children prefer to live in such an obviously "safe" area. The Birch is a good spot in which to anchor oneself in these days. From the windows there are uninterrupted views southward and twenty acres of hotel grounds around. Awaiting the summer is a swimming pool reserved for residents and club members. Adjoining the hotel are several squash courts, tennis courts, and there are plenty of golf courses nearby.

But what has always impressed me most at the Birch Hotel is the quality note they consistently strike as regards food. Chefs may come and chefs may go, but a meal at the Birch is always a pleasure even if it be just that very English custom—afternoon tea. A homely place is the Birch, and the one unpleasant thought about my visit was having to leave a warm fire, a comfortable chair, a trio of friendly dogs, and face the cold of a snowy winter's night.

But the warmth of atmosphere and reception greeted me once more when in little over half an hour I passed through the draught-proof front door of the King's at Brighton, an hotel with ever the dignity of the past coupled with the comforts of modern days.

What a difference a courteous staff can make, and not least amongst the virtues of the King's is a staff of understanding. Of each it could be said what Charles II was reported to have spoken of Sidney Godolphin. "He is never in the way, but never out of the way." Much can be written in praise of the King's but the best testimony comes from the visitors themselves. Prior to leaving, a slip is placed in the visitor's bedroom asking him or her to give candid expression of opinion on the hotel. No pressure is ever put upon any visitor to complete yet another form, but the majority do, and in almost every case they pay tribute to the thoughtful personal services they have received, and in varying ways express their appreciation of the comforts they have experienced.

The King's at Brighton might well have been in Longfellow's mind when he wrote:—

> "The atmosphere breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers seem full of welcome."

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted*

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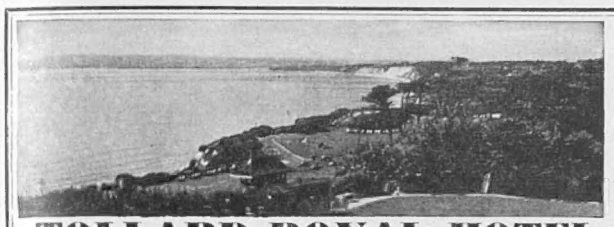

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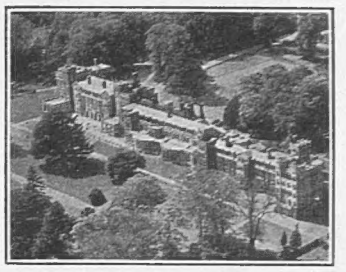

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Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The Kings Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exmouth.—Maer Bay Hotel.
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Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
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Ross-on-Wye.—Mount Craig Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Storrington (nr. Pulborough).—Roundabout Htl.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

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Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

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